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The Week

THE rebels in Spain continued their advance on Bilbao during the week ended May 4, massacring with an aerial bombardment most of the inhabitants of the "sacred town" of Guernica. German and Italian aviators were accused of this atrocity, and international investigation was threatened. The battleship "España," largest on the rebel side, was sunk, according to report, by an air bomb. Britain and France prepared to evacuate women and children from Bilbao, despite Franco's threats. . . . The Japanese elections resulted in an overwhelming defeat for the existing government. Premier Hayashi, figurehead for the army, decided nevertheless to remain in power, thus showing again how much substance there is in Japanese parliamentary democracy. . . . The only item of interest in the election was the growth of new labor political groups. . . . Constantin von Neurath, German Foreign Minister, made a well advertised visit to Mussolini, both to carry on unpublished negotiations and to bolster waning fascist prestige by a demonstration of solidarity. . . . President De Valera published the text of a new Constitution for Ireland, or, as it is henceforth to be called, Eire.

CONGRESS passed a new neutrality bill, discussed at length in another column. . . . The Supreme Court fight dragged on, with more rumors of compromise. . . . A controversy meanwhile developed over economy measures; congressional leaders advocated a horizontal 10-percent cut, while the administration suggested that 15 percent of all appropriations be held in a separate fund, to be expended only at the discretion of the President. It was argued that previous commitments would not allow cutting some items. . . . Prices dropped in speculative markets; the administration made clear its eagerness to stem the rise and prevent a boom by talking more about anti-trust laws and exerting pressure against price-fixing measures in Congress. . . . Hollywood went on strike, as did hotel workers in San Francisco; Packard employees voted overwhelmingly for the United Automobile Workers as representative, and negotiations were begun; many prominent companies abandoned company unions while peaceful settlements increased; Hearn's store in New York recognized the union of its 2,000 employees. . . . Control of the one-time Van Sweringen railroad system was sold by the Muncie glass-jar maker who knows nothing about railroad management to a small group of brokers who also know nothing about it. . . . May Day was celebrated by the largest and most peaceable crowds in labor history. . . . A wave of Catholic puritanism succeeded in having a ban declared on the burlesque houses in New York City.

THE new Constitution has been written by President de Valera for Ireland (henceforward to be known as Eire). The distinction found in some European republics between President and Prime Minister disappears; the President, elected for seven years, is the actual head of the state. He appoints the members of the Cabinet and important figures in the judiciary. He is the supreme commander in the national defense. He alone has the power to par-

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don prisoners or commute their sentences. Free speech is guaranteed, but with a reservation that "public order and morality" must not be undermined —an exception that might easily be turned to dangerous account. The special position of the Catholic Church is recognized and a startling provision of the Constitution absolutely forbids divorce and promises to ignore divorces obtained in any other country. Eire will have a two-chamber legislature, with a new Senate of sixty members, two-thirds of whom are elected on a vocational basis, representing agriculture, industry, commerce, banking, etc. The proposed constitution must first be approved by the Dail, and then accepted by the country in a national plebiscite. It is another step and one as long as Mr. De Valera could make, toward complete independence from Great Britain, though there are certain treaty obligations which even he must continue to respect. Irishmen may be free of Britain, but how free will they be of themselves? The defects in the proposed document are sufficiently obvious to need no underlining. We hope someone will have the courage to point them out publicly in Ireland before the voting takes place.

FURTHER information about the health of the Hearst organization continues to be made public in connection with the application to the SEC for permission to float two more bond issues. Hearst, who has in recent years borrowed $50,000,000 from the public, is asking $35,500,000 more. While some of his enterprises are doing well, a large number of others are doing very badly indeed. Six of his daily newspapers, for example, earned less money in 1936 than in 1934, in sharp contradiction to the general rule in the publishing business. Four of his important magazines have lost heavily over periods of years. It is significant that Mr. Hearst's properties consist of a labyrinth of companies which maintain no proper business relationship with one another. They make loans back and forth on an arbitrary basis, buy one another's properties, conceal one another's losses. It is impossible to gain any clear picture of the Hearst empire as a whole from the statements filed with the SEC regarding particular enterprises within that empire. The SEC regulations require that an applicant disclose its own condition and that of financially important subsidiaries. But such a rule is intended to apply to an orderly financial situation not comparable in any way to that of Hearst. It would seem only common sense to require that when there is one ownership and control, the facts should be set forth regarding the whole system of companies to which funds may be channeled regardless of the detailed situation in part of the system. An amendment of the Act would seem to be indicated, and in the meantime, the SEC obviously should deal with Mr. Hearst with the greatest care.

THE American Federation of Teachers, through a committee under the chairmanship of Professor Colston E. Warne of Amherst, and composed in addition of Mr. Arnold Shukotoff of the College of the City of New York, Professor Robert Morss Lovett of Chicago, Dr. J. Raymond Walsh of Harvard and Professor S. Ralph Harlow of Smith, has investigated the case of Professor Jerome Davis of Yale, and now reports its findings. After a detailed account of the history of the case, the committee comes to the conclusion that the dropping of Mr. Davis was a violation of academic freedom. It declares that the budgetary explanation offered by the Yale administration for his removal has no validity, that the charges against his teaching and scholarship are without merit, that responsibility for the action rests, not upon the Divinity School faculty but upon the Corporation, and that the Corporation was chiefly motivated by Mr. Davis' economic views, his researches into the nature of the present social order and his activities in the labor movement. "For more than twelve years Yale authorities sought constantly to have Professor Davis curtail his activities; they offered friendly suggestions, they criticized him, they delayed his promotion." Mr. Davis, the committee reports, should have been granted a hearing on specific charges and should have had a chance to rebut these charges before a jury of his peers. No justifiable grounds for terminating his work having been established, the committee concludes that he should be restored to his post "in accordance with the recommendation for reappointment voted by the Divinity School faculty."

THE Senate Committee on Civil Liberties, headed by Senator La Follette, continues to bring out striking testimony regarding conditions in Harlan County, Kentucky. In the past few days it has been revealed that despite the Supreme Court decision on the Wagner Act, miners are still being discharged, and evicted from their houses, for joining the union. The intimidation of witnesses by representatives of the mine owners that has gone on in Washington during the present hearings has of course been duplicated in Harlan County itself. When one man took the witness stand at a grand-jury investigation to testify to acts of terrorism, a deputy sheriff entered the room carrying a revolver, which he displayed prominently. The witness took the hint, and refused to answer questions. A deputy with an inexplicable attack of conscience refused to join a group which was about to "shoot up" the home of a union organizer, and was then himself shot and left for dead by this group, which proceeded to attack the organizer's home, killing his son. The men who had shot the deputy told Sheriff T. R. Middleton what they had done, but he made no move to have them arrested; last week one of them was still on the county payroll. The sheriff swore before the grand jury that he had never been asked to protect the union men, although shortly before this he had refused to accept registered letters which he correctly suspected contained a request for such protection. It was testified that this same sheriff had offered one of his deputies $2,000 not to go to Washington and

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tell what he knew. Actions like these need no comment. The important question to be answered is: Can Harlan County be brought into the United States? And if so, how?

MAY DAY, labor's traditional festival and the only truly international holiday now in existence, was observed in orderly fashion throughout the world. An estimated half-million participants joined the demonstrations organized by the People's Front in Paris and in their avowal of faith in democracy and appeals for support of the loyalist government in Spain they sounded a note that was echoed around the globe. In Moscow, capital of the Soviet Union, there was an impressive military display that served as a warning to any would-be fascist aggressors who may have plans to destroy history's first major experiment in building a socialist state. London was so preoccupied with a strike of bus drivers that little attention was paid to May Day, while the countries ruled by fascist dictatorships of course prohibited public demonstrations. There was a brief parade of Socialists in Vienna, and Socialists in Budapest and Bucharest held indoor meetings when outdoor assemblies were banned. In the United States, the largest demonstration was in New York City, with Chicago, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Baltimore and many other cities reporting observances of one kind or another. The New York Times estimated that 70,000 persons took part in parades and meetings in the city and the newspaper described the celebration as "without precedent for size and orderliness." An innovation, established with the cooperation and consent of the police department, was that the workers' organizations appointed their own men and women marshals, who maintained a praiseworthy degree of workers' discipline. A notable factor in this year's observances was the wide range of political affiliation among the participants, indicating a fundamental solidarity in the ranks of labor in spite of differences that frequently show on the surface.

IT IS a pleasure to salute the Consumers' Union of the United States, Inc., on the occasion of its first birthday celebration held in New York City on April 29. This is the organization formed around a central group of employees of Consumers' Research who left the older body in protest against its oppressive labor policy. Consumers' Union has pursued a policy of active coöperation with labor and labor unions, endeavors to keep the price of its service as low as possible and gives special rates for group membership. Such skilled technicians as Arthur Kallet and Dewey H. Palmer direct the active work of Consumers' Union in analyzing and testing commercially branded goods offered for sale in the United States and reporting on them from the point of view of the consumer. Twelve monthly reports, as well as an annual buying guide, have been prepared and issued during the first year of operations. Evidence of the popularity of Consumers' Union, as well as the value of its service, is the fact that in one year it has attained a membership of 35,000.

HARVARD'S Tercentenary last September celebrated distinction as well as age. But a great university cannot merely live on its past glory. In a special degree must it be obedient to *noblesse oblige*. Now that Yale has joined all the great universities and learned societies of England in rejecting the invitation to the purge-day celebration at Göttingen the reported acceptance by Harvard only serves to underscore its lamentable blunder in sending a delegate to Heidelberg. It can hardly be that President Conant would take such action without approval by the Harvard Corporation. And yet we can hardly reconcile the recent sponsorship by one of the leading members of the Harvard Corporation of the fourth anniversary celebration of the University in Exile with his approval of Harvard's blessing of the Nazi Göttingen, which, with other universities, sent these distinguished scholars into exile. On the occasion of the Tercentenary President Conant held aloft the high standards of truth-seeking and justice which are in the special keeping of universities. But standards mean more than noble rhetoric; they demand scrupulous observance in practice.

SEVERAL states and municipalities are adopting legislation designed to supplement the Wagner National Labor Relations Act. The Supreme Court, of course, upheld the validity of the Wagner Act as applied to firms engaged in interstate commerce and gave a properly broad construction of what constitutes such commerce. There remain, however, business enterprises that are indubitably intrastate, and it is to regulate these, as well as to provide additional safeguards for labor in general, that local legislation is called for. First of the state laws to go into effect was that of Wisconsin, which was signed and praised by Governor Phil La Follette in the presence of representatives of both the A.F. of L. and the CIO. The Wisconsin law aims to eliminate causes which lead to industrial strife and to deal with disputes when they arise; and it differs from the national act in that it specifically defines and outlaws company unions, recognizes closed-shop agreements, sets up employer committees and labor committees to clean their own houses, and specifically outlaws labor spies and other unfair practices. The other state to pass a "little Wagner Act" is Utah, although the statute there does not go into effect until July 1. Similar measures are being considered in California, New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania. Meanwhile two large cities, Philadelphia and Toledo, have "peace boards" operating for conciliation between capital and labor in the local field. Mayor LaGuardia of New York City has appointed a similar board, and Newark, New Jersey, has passed an ordinance that provides for a Municipal Labor Relations Board.

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To Stay Out of War

CONGRESS has passed, and the President has signed, a new measure to help the United States avoid the danger of becoming involved in any new world war. This bill covers only part of the field, and is imperfect even in what it covers, but it is a distinct advance over the first tentative law which automatically expired on May 1, and which it supersedes. Though The New Republic has adverse criticisms to make of the law as it stands, we are heartily in favor of the aim sought and of the course upon which Congress has embarked.

Because the new law contemplates restricting exports of goods and credit to belligerents, it is condemned as an attempt at isolation. This attempt is said to be at once undesirable and sure to break down in practice. We cannot, so the argument runs, escape involvement in a world war if it breaks out; therefore we had much better devote our efforts to preventing it from breaking out. In order to do this, we must be prepared to threaten at least economic discrimination against the aggressor—and that means embargoes applied against certain belligerents rather than against all.

Now it is certain that the United States is in danger of becoming involved in any world war that may break out, and that this nation ought to do all it properly can to prevent the outbreak of war. But it is by no means certain that trying to avoid the danger of involvement is inconsistent with making the effort to preserve world peace. The belief that these two policies are inconsistent arises from the assumption that the only way, or at least the most effective way, to preserve peace, is to threaten possible aggressors with punishment. This assumption still seems to hold undisputed sway of many minds in spite of the experience of Europe with sanctions during the past few years. The failure to act against Japan in the Manchukuo affair, the ineffective action against Italy in Ethiopia, the surrender to German aggression in a long series of broken covenants, seem not to have impressed upon these American commentators the lesson that is now all but universally admitted in Europe. This lesson is that sanctions involve the danger of war, and either are not applied for that reason, or, if applied without military measures, are likely to be ineffective. It is not only useless, but almost criminally foolish, to threaten punishment unless one is prepared to back up the threat by decisive action and, if necessary, force of arms. Even then, the threat may not be effective. There is no real solution for the danger of war except to prevent nations from being aggressive. Whether that can be done at all, or whether it can be done in time, is still an open question.

What opponents of the neutrality legislation are therefore in reality inviting this nation to do is to say in advance that we will join any general European war that may break out, on the ground that we are punishing the nations responsible for the war. Unless we are prepared to go this far, coöperation in a sanctions policy certainly will not help much to preserve peace.

But the people of this country are not prepared to undertake any such obligation. Even if they were, we cannot believe that they would be choosing the course of wisdom. The extreme uncertainty that wars will win what they are fought for hardly counterbalances, to say the least, the clear advantages to be gained if this nation could possibly be isolated from another world catastrophe.

The neutrality law does, on the contrary, definitely remove some of the dangers which experience has shown us might lead toward involvement in a war. It forbids American citizens to travel on belligerent vessels. It forbids the export to belligerents, or to neutrals for transshipment to them, of arms, ammunition and implements of war. In regard to purchases of other materials, more essential in the end to belligerents of enough importance to involve danger to us, it applies, at the President's discretion, the "cash-and-carry" policy. That is, belligerents may buy these materials from us if they will pay cash for them on this side of the water and if the shipments are not carried in American bottoms. It prevents armed merchantmen from using our ports. It embargoes loans and credits to belligerents.

If these provisions had been put into effect in 1914, there would have been less quarrel with Britain over the stoppage of American ships and cargoes, and none with Germany over the unrestricted submarine blockade. There would have been no American citizen on the "Lusitania." The Western Allies would not have been able to float huge loans in this country, or to finance such large purchases of war materials. We might in the end have gone into the conflict to "save civilization from German militarism" or to help poor little Belgium, or to "make the world safe for democracy" or to "end war." But if so, our choice would not have been biased by so many provocative incidents and material interests.

Now for the defects in the law. The chief one is that the cash-and-carry policy is not made mandatory, but may be applied at the discretion of the President. There are two dangers here. One is that, when war actually breaks out, the combination of pressures from sentimental propaganda and material interests will prevent it from being applied, or from being applied broadly enough or in time. The second is that since the executive is allowed choice in the matter, its application under war conditions may be considered by one group of belligerents or the other as a hostile act. This measure, in spite of the fact that it is to be enforced impartially against all belligerents on other continents, must in effect injure some more than others. In order that we might avoid any suspicion of discrimination, it would have been preferable therefore that it be made mandatory before the actual war situation arose. Since Congress, under the influence of the President, insisted upon delegating this embarrassing power to him, the

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next best thing would be for the President himself to proclaim it the instant a major war breaks out, and before opposition has had a chance to form.

The next flaw is that the very same measures that are designed to protect us from involvement in international war are also to be applied in all civil wars. But civil wars do not as a rule embody any real danger to our peace, while it may be highly desirable to allow aid to flow to one side or the other. There would have been less, instead of more danger of international war, if Britain, France and the United States had from the beginning of the Spanish rebellion exercised their legal rights to sell arms and supplies to the constitutional government. If a fascist revolt should break out in France, this provision might put us in the situation of denying all legitimate commercial and financial aid to the democratic French republic, while the fascists were being freely supplied by Germany and Italy. This is isolation with a vengeance. We do not favor isolation for its own sake, but only as an alternative to the greater disaster of fighting. Where the danger of involvement is small, we should be free to support the forces of democracy and enlightenment. In such cases we can readily assess the extent of danger when the time comes.

The other principal flaws are of omission rather than commission and can readily be remedied by supplemental legislation. European nations have accumulated in this country a large amount of purchasing power which can be turned into cash, without any new borrowing whatever, through the bank balances and investments of their nationals on this side of the water. Even under the cash-and-carry policy, such purchasing power could finance a sizable war boom, if it were all used as soon as possible. The situation also constitutes a danger in peacetime, since the sudden liquidation of these securities and the outflow of funds would deliver a heavy blow to our markets. A provision for emergency control should therefore be set up, to ensure that at least in case of war, and if possible in peace also, any liquidation of these assets should be orderly and not too rapid.

Provision ought to be made to build up stocks in this country of the twenty-six essential materials which we have to import, and which might become suddenly scarce during a war—regardless of our policy concerning neutrality. It would not take a large appropriation to accumulate sufficient reserves to last several years if necessary, since the quantity of the materials required is not commensurate with the difficulties that would arise if we could not procure them.

Finally it should be recognized that in all these matters we are pioneering, and that much remains to be done. In addition to negative measures, what positive internal policies should be adopted to serve the public welfare in case war should break out? We are prepared with a detailed industrial plan if we get into war, but not with one adapted to neutrality. Congress could do nothing better than to set up an expert commission to study in greater detail the subjects with which the new legislation deals, and also other subjects with which it does not deal. The law could be much improved in a subsequent session after the matter has been thoroughly studied.

The Lucky Numbers

WE CAN'T get excited about the Pulitzer Prizes. We can't even get mad at the men who awarded them. The Advisory Board of the School of Journalism at Columbia seems to go about its task in a spirit of conscientious and benevolent ignorance. It has a pretty clear prejudice against any book that anyone might suspect of being radical or even critical. Otherwise it is almost as likely to pick a good book as a bad one—possibly by drawing the lucky numbers out of a hat. This year it picked a very good book—"The Flowering of New England"—for its prize in history. The other four awards were not so much debatable—that would be giving them too much importance—as wrong in a perfectly colorless way.

The Novel.—During the year John Dos Passos finished his important trilogy on American life since 1900. "The Big Money" clearly deserved the prize. A second choice would be "The Last Puritan." "Gone with the Wind" might have been entitled to third money—or perhaps to a special award for reducing unemployment in the printing trades.

The Play.—Stark Young preferred "Johnny Johnson" and four other members of the Critics' Circle agreed with him. The award of the Critics' Circle finally went to "High Tor." Both of these choices were based on a better knowledge of the theatre than the Advisory Board displayed when it gave its prize to "You Can't Take It with You."

The "Best" Biography.—We haven't read Allan Nevins' long biography of Hamilton Fish. Our critic remarked that it was "full of interest to those who are known in university circles as 'hardened scholars,' those who live to eat and drink the raw historical document." During the year there were five other biographies that, in retrospect, seem more important—"John Reed," "Jefferson in Power," "Theodore Parker," "Imperial Hearst" and "Audubon."

The Volume of Verse.—Robert Frost had received the prize twice before, in 1924 and 1931. This year he published one of his less distinguished books and received the prize for a third time. Carl Sandburg published one of his more distinguished books; he has never received the prize. But perhaps the Advisory Board heard a rumor sometime or somewhere that Carl Sandburg writes in free verse and that free verse used to be associated with free love and free thought.

Five prizes: one that was indubitably right and four that reveal, more than anything else, the timid and uncertain taste of the judges. We can't get mad about it, but still we might suggest once more that

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the Advisory Board of editors and bigwigs should turn over the job to people whose judgment is more generally respected. Its own juries—which it overrides so often—could do a better job.

The Skies Brighten a Little

COMMODITY prices in England and the United States have slumped sharply in the last ten days. The British break came later than the American one, but was more spectacular. What was the reason for the decline? No doubt there were a number of factors, most of which we shall not discuss here. There seems little doubt that one element was the remarkable increase in recent weeks in the general feeling that another European war is not so imminent as had been supposed. Good news about peace is bad news about prices. Several developments seem to support this view, and it may be worth while to list some of them.

An important item is the blow to the military prestige of Germany and Italy because of developments in Spain. It is true that the amount of assistance given to the rebels by these two powers has been definitely limited; but it is also true that both Hitler and Mussolini expected an early and easy victory, and have been greatly disconcerted by the fact that they did not get it. German military airplanes and other weapons have been weaker in combat than was expected. Italian infantry has shown a lack of morale perhaps not surprising in view of the conditions under which they fought, but certainly giving a serious blow to fascist military prestige. Since Mussolini and Hitler are the two men most dangerous to European peace, a setback to them is a setback to war. This is particularly true since there is good evidence that both the German and Italian populations are growing restive about the Spanish adventure and increasingly inclined to examine the clay feet of their idols.

Another element making for peace, at least in the short view, is the tremendous British rearmament program, which is being pushed with the greatest rapidity and for which the British population is paying without a whimper direct taxes roughly five times as great (in the lower brackets) as ours. The language of force is the only kind the fascist dictators can understand. Mussolini, in particular, is showing a new respect for British power which makes less likely another international crisis such as accompanied his Ethiopian adventure.

The same general consequence follows from the Russian armament program. Not only have airplanes generally supposed to come from the USSR shown themselves highly efficient in the Spanish war, but military experts from many countries have expressed unstinted respect for the Russian army in general both as to equipment and personnel. Some, at least, of Hitler's military strategists are telling him that he would be a fool to carry out his plan to make war on Soviet Russia.

The armed strength of the USSR has apparently helped to bring about another important change, this time in the Far East. Japan in the past few weeks has suddenly and surprisingly moderated her tone toward both Soviet Russia and China. There is some evidence that she is beginning to regret her rash military agreement with Germany, as she learns more about the details of the fortification of eastern Siberia. This regret will become stronger as the Nanking government and the Chinese Communists draw closer together, with the consequent increased likelihood that unified China and the USSR would stand together in fighting off a Japanese attack.

In Western Europe, also, there are factors which encourage the hope for peace. One of these is the unexpected vitality that has been shown by the People's Front government in France. A few months ago, the Succession States and the Balkan powers felt that fascism's star was rising, the democratic countries' declining, and that for their own protection they should become the tail of a German-Italian kite. Today, they are beginning to reverse this judgment, although the struggle for control of their foreign policy still continues and the outcome is not settled. It was an important straw in the wind when Chancellor Schuschnigg warned Mussolini against isolating Czechoslovakia, and asserted Austria's right to be free of Nazi dictation from Berlin.

To be sure, all these developments, and others that might be listed, do not add up into any firm promise of peace. The armament race goes on; the economic situation of several countries, and Germany in particular, moves from bad to worse. The very fact, however, that the numerous voices pronouncing the doom of European civilization have been hushed even momentarily is a welcome relief, compared with the way things have been going for the past few months. If the short view is fairly good, the long view cannot be wholly bad; for this long view, as we are prone to forget, actually consists of an overlapping series of short views. If the nearest of the series can be changed for the better, we have the right to hope that the others can as well.

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O, Bury Me Not

Or, The Bison Avenged

I HAVE lived so long on the plains," drawled Uncle Billy Baker of Cimarron County, "that I just don't understand them." And he proceeded to point his remarks with the story of a leathery old friend of his who had no suggestions on the subject of child psychology because he had raised nine.

The occasion for Uncle Billy's remarks was a dust-storm conference, called by Governor Marland of Oklahoma in an effort to see what could be done about the stifling menace whose area of destruction has been moving eastward at a rate of something like forty miles a year. Apart from the officials, state and federal, the conference consisted mainly of men from the high plains, where the "Dust-Bowl" has its center.

The high plains, or the short-grass country as they are often called, lie like a great doormat stretching from north to south in front of the Rocky Mountains—three hundred miles wide, more or less, and as long as the distance from Mexico to Canada. The eastern boundary fluctuates between the ninety-eighth and one hundredth meridian, about where the average of annual rainfall is twenty inches. The plains get less than that, often very much less for several years in a row; then on occasion they may get more. But in any event their climate is semi-arid. Their natural cover was short grass—buffalo and grama grasses particularly—instead of the tall lush grass of the subhumid prairies which lie between them and the Eastern forests. Their rivers, which pour forth from the mountain-front, become mere dry trickles in great beds of sand before they travel far.

The plains are the classic ground for last stands—bison, Indian, bad man and cowpuncher having in turn faced their final destiny here. And now the dry-farmer, represented at the Governor's conference, finds himself in the throes of a deadly struggle to survive.

Perhaps we shall understand this situation better if we look into another contest—agelong—which has been set in this theatre. I refer to the struggle between grassland and desert. The scanty, irregular rainfall of the plains, the high, drying winds and the rapid fluctuation between blistering heat and paralyzing cold make this region the climatic borderland of the desert. Only by dint of countless centuries of effort is anything better than desert vegetation present. Slowly the soil has been anchored and formed by the shallow roots of the short grass—a unique type of vegetation that is adjusted to the hardships of the region, ready to grow when opportunity offers, able to remain dormant otherwise. At all times it affords a nutritious pasture, meanwhile protecting the ground against the vicious drive of the elements.

Under primitive conditions, if the buffalo grazed it too heavily, they either moved to fresh pastures or starved. There were no white men to insist upon overloading the range. And there were no plows to break the ground, thus destroying the protective sod which held it in place. But between 1870 and 1910 the range was, as we shall see, overloaded by domestic cattle, and increasingly since that time, the sod has been broken.

The men at the Governor's conference had come from a country whose sparse homesteads, each marked by a windmill and a one-story house, have been abandoned in large numbers during the past ten years—particularly the last five. The fence-rows in many places are marked by long drifts of sand and tumbleweed, the fields either given over to Russian thistle or hopefully planted each year in wheat, only to have it scoured out by the winds of early spring. The towns, bonded heavily to build good schools, even paved streets, have their skylines crowned by tall grain elevators, which were unable to function after the crash of 1929, unnecessary in many cases now for lack of grain to handle. Vacant lots and store buildings in many places are filled with costly power machinery, tractors, combines and great disc-plows, repossessed by the implement companies when the farmers could not maintain their payments.

The men in the conference room had seen their neighbors driven out, their cattle suffering from lack of food or water, their machinery foreclosed for lack of funds to complete the payments. In one county at least they had seen the government obliged to render assistance almost equal, during the course of the drought years, to the assessed value of the land. But still they were ready to hang on. Their vast, often level, generally treeless empire was no longer an unfenced pasture; much of it was in farms, and much of the farmland had been broken by the plow. Where the soil happened to be loose, a good deal of it had been thrown into drifts, hummocks or even great dunes. And the homesteads in many places—never very thickly studded over the landscape—had become ghost farms.

As a matter of fact the passing of time has not simplified the problems of the high plains. Their vast distances were annihilated by the iron horse, their herds by the Sharp rifle and their red men by sharp practice. Most of this happened within the twenty years following the Civil War—just about the length of time that it has taken us to get into our present snarl on the heels of the World War.

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With the job of liquidating natural obstacles well under way, as it was in 1878, Major J. W. Powell, a gentleman who knew his stuff, reported to the Congress that taking over the Great Plains for white civilization was something not to be done too casually. He plainly saw, and stated, that trouble was ahead if the Eastern United States insisted upon barging in with its old furniture and its old ways of doing things. No doubt he had gone thirsty often enough and long enough on those plains to know, as no Easterner can know, what water means. And he knew the narrow margin of safety by which the life, both plant and animal, held on in its grim struggle against heavy odds. Certainly he saw how the grass followed the season, the buffalo followed the grass, and the Indian kept on the heels of the buffalo, all just to stay alive. In other words, Major Powell had a very accurate notion of the conditions that must be met in any successful colonization of the Great Plains by the white race. And so he said:

> The limit of successful agriculture without irrigation has been set at twenty inches (mean annual rainfall), that the extent of the arid region should by no means be exaggerated; but at twenty inches agriculture will not be uniformly successful from season to season. Many droughts will occur; many seasons in a long series will be fruitless; and it may be doubted whether, on the whole, agriculture will prove remunerative.
>
> The arid region of the United States is more than four-tenths of the area of the entire country, excluding Alaska.
>
> In the arid region there are three classes of lands, namely, irrigable lands, timber lands and pasturage lands.
>
> The irrigable lands and timber lands constitute but a small fraction of the arid region.
>
> The grasses of the pasturage lands are scant, and the lands are of value only in large quantities.
>
> The farm unit should not be less than 2,560 acres.
>
> Pasturage farms need small tracts of irrigable land. . . .
>
> The division of these lands should be controlled by topographic features. . . .
>
> Residences should be grouped. . . .
>
> The pasturage lands will not be fenced. . . .
>
> As the pasturage lands should have water fronts and irrigable tracts, and as the residences should be grouped, and as the lands cannot be economically fenced and must be kept in common, local communal regulation or coöperation is necessary.

Naturally the Congress which had authorized this report and the country which had footed the bill were greatly impressed by it. Certainly no business man in his senses would jar loose with the salary for a scientific expert just for the fun of it, particularly if a capital investment of the value of over 700,000,000 acres was involved. Did I say that the Major was taken seriously? My error—like hell he was. There is no indication that anyone paid the slightest attention to him.

Cattle were brought in to replace the buffalo, whose natural home was the Great Plains. This was logical enough, but cattle were not installed on legally granted units of 2,560 acres—not by an empty jug were they. Squatters, speculators and precarious lessees threw cattle in wherever they could, roughing it up meanwhile with the unlucky farmers who had made legal entry upon neat little quarter-section homesteads in the approved Eastern manner.

(No longer ago than 1921, I have seen a family on the verge of starvation on a tract four times that size. This one square mile of swell pasture land, rainfall about eighteen inches annually, was absolutely incapable of supporting five or six people. This was just west of the hundredth meridian.)

Under the circumstances, anything like responsible management of the great grazing industry was impossible. Just as in our mineral and forest industries, there was no thought of sustained return—no trace of anything but hit-and-run psychology. The cattleman had to get while the getting was good, because, in the main, he did not have an assured control of the land on which he operated. As a result the range was overcrowded and seriously damaged, and the market alternately gorged and undersupplied. Each new impact of drought found the range less able to meet it.

Meanwhile the little boys were pushed out. The illusive returns of a series of wet years would prolong the agony, the inevitable swing of drought would mercifully hasten its end. Remember this, and then go back and read "Old Jules" (by Mari Sandoz. Little, Brown) once more. He just hung on a little longer and a little harder than the rest, but he was up against the real thing quite as they were.

In the end laissez-faire, or what passes for it in North America, had its way. Glorify it as staying power, grin at it as luck or curse it as lack of scruple, those who had it on their side slowly gained control of the land, either by lease or purchase, and largely on their own terms. There seemed to be some prospect that an order of sorts could be established.

But no one ever had the chance to find out. For along came the forces of retribution in a new and irresistible guise—speculative, power-driven, dry farming.

We run ahead of our story. Just at the beginning of the century a faithful and capable public servant, C. L. Shear, whose life has been spent in the study of grasses and forage crops under all conditions of health and disease, made a report in line of duty. In this report he called attention to the serious evils that were being caused by exploitation of the Western range lands; and he made recommendations for a governmental policy in regard to the matter. There is no reason to believe that he was trying to interfere with the way private individuals handled their own property. What he was interested in was the proper care, by Uncle Sam, of land that was public property. He simply did not want to see the old fellow stolen blind. He suggested that these regulations for control on public grazing land be incorporated in Bulletin 25 of the United States

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Department of Agriculture, for all to see. Was he thanked and listened to? He was not. His report came back from the office of his realistic chief, endorsed as follows, "All too true, but not best for us to take position just now. J.W." I hate to include those initials in the story because Tama Jim did a man's share for the soil of this country; but the very fact that he felt helpless shows how strongly the tide of ruthlessness was running.

Nor was Shear the only expert whose warnings were muffled at this time. In the twenty-second Annual Report of the United States Geological Survey, Willard D. Johnson pointed out that life in the high plains was at best a hazardous matter and could be kept going only by maintaining a delicate balance with the rigorous forces of nature. From this he drew the obvious lesson that Powell before him had pointed out—modern man could look for no special favors if he violated the laws of nature.

Johnson, with the benefit of twenty additional years of experience to draw upon, went even farther than Powell in his warning. While homesteads of 160 acres were being merrily dished out to men without capital, Johnson stated that the safe size for a unit in this area should be about 4,000 acres. For all the good it did he might have saved his strength. From that time on no one except a few crackpot professors seems to have had much to say about the matter. And Napoleon had long ago shown the world of affairs how to deal with the professors—feed 'em (a little) and ignore 'em unless their services happened to come in handy.

Now for the machines. The Great War threw farming into high gear and then left it stranded. But everyone hated to admit the truth, and for a time the price of foodstuffs held up. Motorized farming came on the heels of motorized artillery and cavalry, and made possible the cheap plowing of large holdings of land whose per-acre yield was modest compared with the moist lands of the East. So far as can be discovered, everyone was for it except the struggling farmers of those moist lands and the theorists already alluded to. Certainly the people who owned Western land or who had farm machinery to sell got on the bandwagon; and as is too often the case, public experts were instructed to find out the best way to do the wrong thing instead of being consulted about the wisdom of the thing itself. Publications of the early twenties sound one long paean of praise of the era of factory farming. And for a time bank-books carried a score in resonant harmony with this melody.

Then something went wrong. One February in the early thirties, when bread-lines were decorating our cities and towns, I had to go out to Salt Lake City. As I passed through the high plains I noticed piles of sand beside the tracks and I asked the conductor what the stuff was doing there. His answer was, "Mister, that isn't sand, that's wheat."

And on the heels of this came the drought, just as drought has recurred at intervals in the grassland for centuries past. And with drought came crop failure, hunger and finally the horrible nightmare of dust. Even Napoleon could have seen that it was time to use the professors. But by this time the problem was not so simple as it had been in the days of Major Powell. Towns with their schools and churches and business, homes with the halo of sentiment, political life with all of its organization, were on the ground now. The question was no longer one of a suitable technique for doing the proper thing, but of doing anything at all in the welter of conflicting pressures.

So great and varied are these pressures that even to discuss them is a delicate matter. Every conference upon the subject is complicated by those who insist that a good rain, or some technical short cut, or a little more credit or heroism is all that is necessary. Even the enlightened and humane members of the President's drought commission, when confronted by mass meetings of suffering people, had to beg the tragic question—"Have we no choice but to get out or starve?" There are times when the most courageous physician is permitted an evasion.

And so I am inclined to believe that the insistence, in all recent reports, upon more research, has its basis in these pressures. Badly as we need more knowledge, its main function is to pile up evidence that will overwhelm the citizens with its truth, as the technical man is now overwhelmed by what he knows. There is really nothing wrong with this reasoning—every pioneer in science is convinced before his fellows can be. If he needs patience in convincing them, how much more is needed to make truth plain to the public?

Thus it is scarcely strange that the first of a new series of studies—a monograph on the Great Plains, by Warren Thornthwaite, was too strong a medicine to be taken straight. Speaking of the semi-arid short-grass country which grades east from the Rocky Mountains, meeting the humid prairies at about the ninety-eighth meridian, he calls it "an area where climatic conditions unfavorable to a permanent agricultural economy occur with irregular persistency." He shows with the relentlessness of a life-insurance actuary that farm operations are highly speculative there. The solution he believes to lie in reversion to a pastoral economy on a basis too large for the individual farm owner, and until that is accomplished the two alternatives that remain are either "permanent poverty and distress or permanent subsidy." Not pretty choices, these alternatives for millions of Americans—exile, misery or public charity.

Meanwhile the Forest Service had been charged with the task of planting a great shelter-belt of trees to ameliorate conditions in the semi-arid region—another instance of the scientist being told to do a thing without being asked if it were the proper thing to do. And the Forest Service responded nobly with as practicable a plan as could have been devised under the circumstances; in fact the preliminary survey which it made has added a great deal of valu-

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able knowledge regarding the eastern boundaries of the high plains.

And next the Forest Service dipped into its bulging files of data for information about the whole problem of the Western range—"a great and neglected natural resource." This publication, the work of many men, is a virtual bid for control of the public domain, in so far as it represents a biological resource. Certainly the story of the drier grasslands has never been better or more fully told than in this remarkable document. Demonstrating clearly that much of this area can be used only for pasture, and thus dealing mainly by inference with the problem of dry-land agriculture, it finds almost universal depletion and destruction of the range.

Finally we have the report of the Great Plains Committee, appointed by the President as an outgrowth of his Drought Committee. Here at last the public comes to grips, not only with the technical problems of a severe environment, but with the many economic, social and political factors which have become intertwined.

With swift, sure strokes the picture is drawn. First, the physical character of the region, then the history of the exploitation and the destructive consequences. And then, believe it or not, there follows an analysis of the attitudes of mind that have been responsible for the trouble. Are things what they seem, or are visions about? Is it possible that we behold government, openly and candidly employing the same sort of horse sense that is a part of the routine of survival around a good advertising agency? It is possible. In fact a little peep behind the scenes into the operation of agricultural extension or the Forest Service will show that a good deal of this sort of thing has been going on unheralded for quite a while.

Then come eighteen pages given to a program of readjustment and development—lines of action. This I commend for careful reading to those who fear the twilight of democracy. One will scan it in vain for any suggestion of domination or undue privilege on the part of any governmental unit from the individual on up. The whole emphasis is upon coöperative action by federal, state and county governments—working with the individual. Tangible means to increase the size of workable holdings, to retire non-productive crop land to pasture, to conserve water and ensure proper management of grazing and agricultural lands, are set forth. Nor does the report stop there. In a supplement are included memoranda on finance, taxation, law and educational measures, together with concrete examples of model legislation and other useful information. As a practical document it approaches such admirable government publications as the manual for army cooks and bakers, which is no light praise I assure you.

And lest anyone think that something is concealed around the chip-pile, may I say that many of the measures advocated have already shown their workability in demonstration areas? When you can double the depth to which rain penetrates, double or even triple yield, stabilize drifting soil, rejuvenate the range by adjusting the load of grazing animals and establish rational relations between landlord and tenant, you are getting somewhere. The task may be big, but it is not, not yet at least, a hopeless one.

Within the past few weeks some half-dozen states have adopted the model conservation law here recommended. This law applies quite as well to East as to West. In fact Vermont, which no one will accuse of impulsiveness, is on the list, along with Indiana, Arkansas, Montana, the Dakotas, Colorado and New Mexico. Elsewhere the measure is pending, with good chances of passage. And the keynote of this legislation is local, democratic enterprise, with the same sort of aboveboard steadying by the federal government that has lifted most of our experiment stations and agricultural colleges from the realm of cheap hayseed politics to a premier position in the modern world.

It does begin to look as though we see how civilization is to be built—not by cussing out the individual, but by working upon the culture pattern itself. And the Great Plains are ready for us, with their laconic challenge—"put up or shut up."

Since 1878 we have chosen to ignore the advice of men who knew this problem. Today we have come to what looks like our last opportunity to take advantage of their repeated warnings. One thing we may depend upon—an adjustment between man and nature will come about in the Great Plains. There is still time to choose whether the protocol will be written by relentless nature in terms of further human suffering and defeat, or whether intelligence will prevail. There is still time for white civilization to retrieve itself and justify its name.

PAUL B. SEARS.

Classic Scene

A powerhouse
in the shape of
a red brick chair
90 feet high

on the seat of which
sit the figures
of two metal
stacks—aluminum

commanding an area
of squalid shacks
side by side
from one of which

buff smoke
streams while under
a gray sky
the other remains

passive today.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS.

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A Fascist Uprising in France?

THE SHOOTING of five workingmen in the rioting at Clichy, followed by the short general strike, and the public funeral of the victims, which 1,000,000 persons including your correspondent attended, has brought the nation's concern for its future safety to a critical state. A Fascist uprising, similar to that in Spain and backed by the same elements, is feared before the summer is over—or when the 1937 exposition closes.

The Fascist attack has been delayed on account of General Franco. All the Fascists of France, the Colonel de la Rocque and Jacques Doriot groups, and their newspapers, which play a great political role in French movements, have been supporting Franco and waiting for him to take Madrid and establish himself in Spain before emulating the example of the rebel officers.

The main feature of the French fascist plan has been a storm of Red-baiting, of charges against Moscow, and against the French Communist Party, accusing the Russian and French radicals of planning exactly the uprising which the Fascists engineered in Spain in similar circumstances, and which the leaders of the French Popular Front believe and fear the French Fascists will try soon.

There are many signs and portents of a Fascist revolution in France, whereas, despite the charges against the Communists, it is obvious to any observer that a *Putsch* from their side would be the depth of stupidity. The official Communist Party has just announced that it has increased its membership from 80,000 to 280,000, thanks to the success of the Popular Front, the present coalition government which runs the country. This is one of the most important facts in both camps. In the Communist camp it means a great success, and promises a continuation of success, which any sort of violent uprising would destroy. Since its ranks are growing as never before in history, and since the party's official organ, Humanité, now sells a million copies a day in the country and has just started a special edition to win the hard-headed peasants, it is obvious that the Communists want a continuation of the present political peace.

The same Communist success of course is the main inspiration of the Fascist hurry for a rebellion. In Spain Franco and the generals waited until the elections of February, 1936, and the moment the Fascists were beaten by the Frente Popular, the people's front, of which only a few tens of thousands were Communists, they conspired to take the government from the people by force. That the conspiracy was planned in Rome and Berlin appears certain, since Italian and German airplane squadrons which landed on Franco's side the week of the rebellion got their orders to start four days before it broke out. (This fact was reported to the French Foreign Office by officials who interviewed aviators who got lost and landed on French soil.)

The French Fascists received a great setback in the rioting in the Place de la Concorde in February, 1934. The Croix de Feu was ordered dissolved. Colonel de la Rocque, announcing the formation of a new political party, declared that it was in everything but name the Fascist Fiery Cross. But the two Fascist organizations have not made anything like the gains the Popular Front and the left wing of the Republican coalition have made. And one of the results of these setbacks has been acts of provocation frequently leading to bloody street fights between the Fascists and the Popular Front in many parts of France.

The Popular Front, however, has gone through a more severe test than any government since the World War, and seems to grow stronger every month. The Communists, who are furious over Premier Blum's failure to aid the Frente Popular in Spain, and his tagging along with England in one of the most vicious, hypocritical and cynical deals of big business and fascism in the world's history, nevertheless have preferred to continue the present regime rather than split up the coalition and cause a grave national crisis.

The only success the French Fascists have had so far has been a deal with the Fascists of other countries. The newspapers of the so-called 200 families which own France, the Comité des Forges, the munitions makers, some of whose plants the Blum government has quietly nationalized, the Schneider and de Wendel and other groups which pay for the two Fascist leagues, have taken up collections, sent gold swords to Franco and to Colonel Moncardo, who defended the Alcazar—and whose men kidnaped 250 workingwomen and girls from Toledo and mistreated and killed most of them. The Fascist bookshops of Paris are full of books in praise of Mussolini and Hitler and Franco. If there is not an actual written agreement among the three Fascist chiefs and the French Fascist leaders, there are at least many signs of an understanding.

From Seville, Franco's general staff headquarters, come reports that German and Italian officers say on parting for the front: "See you in Madrid this year, in Toulouse next year." Toulouse is the first big town on a Fascist offensive from Spain against France. Such an offensive could be engineered only with the aid of French Fascists, and since everyone living in Paris today has heard the Monarchists, Fascists and reactionaries use the expression "Better Hitler than Blum," it would not be surprising if the pro-Hitler and pro-Mussolini Fascists of France would make their bid for a Fascist

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dictatorship with the aid of the Germans and Italians now in Spain.

The Clichy riots have proved to the government that the police department, which the Popular Front has frequently said has been "republicanized," that is, cleared of the Fascists with which the former Prefect Chiappe filled it, is far from being reliable. There will now be a purge of the whole national police system.

There will also be an inspection of the army and the staff of officers. From what I have been able to learn in inquiries made of Fascists, Republicans and Communists, the situation of the armed forces of France is simple: in case of a Fascist revolution the army will go to the Republic, the officers (with few exceptions) will go to the Fascists.

The Popular Front, following the Clichy affair, demands the purging of the armed forces. They have learned the lesson from the Franco rebellion in Spain. If the de la Rocque and Doriot factions strike quickly it will be because they realize that, with Republicans in command of the army and police, their last chance of a dictatorship by Franco's method is gone.

In case of a Fascist rebellion, one of the most important factors in France will be the Union of Retired Republican Officers. These men are of the professional army, but they are thorough liberals and would take charge of troops whose officers joined the Fascists. Since I have already met many of these officers fighting for the Spanish Republic I can prophesy that the situation will be different in France, and that the army which may be betrayed by its leaders, will not remain in a chaotic state, as happened in Seville, Cadiz, etc., permitting the officers to gain the day. The Union of Retired Republican Officers of France is ready to save the Republic from the Fascists. GEORGE SELDES.

The Future of Democracy: V

We publish below the concluding section of our symposium on the future of democracy. Juan Marinello is a Mexican philosopher; Yone Noguchi is a Japanese poet and thinker. Dr. Charles A. Beard of course needs no identification for New Republic readers.—THE EDITORS.

Juan Marinello

DOES IT seem to you that political democracy is on the wane?

Undoubtedly. It requires only a glance at any region of the earth to reach that conclusion. In Europe fascism is, in more than one country, a cruel and inhuman reality; in others a steady trend; in Spain, factional rebellion, clerical and reactionary. If we look at the world nearer us, at the Hispanic countries of America, we note at once that, but for exceptions like Mexico, Colombia and Costa Rica, everywhere are violence, arbitrariness, triumph of brute force, that is to say, anti-democratic tendencies.

The reasons for this are well known and there is no need to set them forth here in detail. In Europe, organized capitalism can no longer allow free criticism, which is the same as confessing its imminent ruin. Therefore these countries are arming, using the most anti-democratic means, against their natural enemy, socialism. In Spanish-American countries the case is different. The enslavement of the great imperialist capitalist systems is joined with feudalism; the Spanish-American boss—whether president, governor or military leader—knows that he can increase his power over the people only by the backing of foreign capitalism. In periods of crisis an economic system grasps at any means available to save itself. Countries economically retarded, of the colonial type, feel most of all the brunt of such measures, which inevitably produce the total eclipse of earlier democratic conquests. The desperate struggle of capitalism to save itself brings cruel oppression to the masses everywhere. This oppression is greater, more immoderate, more primitive, more inhumane in places where the historical process has not brought means of defense, where there is no democratic tradition—produced, as is well known, along with industrial development.

What has been said above indicates the serious nature of the national crisis in our country and the urgent necessity of forcing, by all means, a possibility of democratic action. In other lands the road is open for a political solution; in ours the very conditions necessary for a collective life have to be established.

Do you think that authoritarian government is preferable to democratic government, and if so, why?

This question requires long and careful consideration. I think in the first place that in speaking of democracy, The New Republic is referring to the political doctrine and practice brought us by the liberal movement of 1789, which our forefathers cherished, and which now appear in so many places unknown and outraged. For a Marxist—and I am one despite everything—this "historical" democracy can be understood and desired only in the interpretation given it by Engels, as a preparation for the step to another and superior form of social organization, as the bridge leading to socialism. For a Marxist, dictatorship—"authoritarian government"—is not, as for a liberal, an unfortunate phenomenon, hateful in itself. We look first of all at the class feeling which can be glimpsed behind strong govern-

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ments. A proletarian dictatorship appears to us good, and acceptable as a necessary stage, a hygienic measure, to build up a new and genuine democracy, the real equality of all men. And a non-proletarian dictatorship, like those under which Germany, Italy, Portugal, Argentina and Guatemala are suffering, appears to us very bad, because we know that it is a violent action against the liberating desires of the working masses.

I know that many people have been surprised at the union of liberal and socialist in the defense of democracy; and all the more so if we recall that for a socialist, traditional democracy does not signify a state of social justice but, on the contrary, elements essentially antagonistic to true equality. If we think calmly we will observe at once that between the mentality of a liberal democrat and a scientific socialist there is, at the present time, a logical link. In the last analysis both are pursuing the happiness of mankind by the only valid means, that of bringing about equality. It is for that purpose that they ought to get together, and are now getting together. The liberal wants the will of man not to be violated, to be freely and absolutely expressed. The socialist wants that too, because he knows the monstrousness of the economic system is so obvious that the masses—in expressing their will through democratic channels—will speak clearly and conclusively their socialist feeling. Democracy will have served, then, for the attainment of the collective state. The orthodox liberal, by his generous attitude, will have fulfilled his historic mission in giving the people an opportunity for spontaneous expression. The scientific socialist will have carried out his political duty by coöperating in a process that will turn to the benefit of his way of thinking.

Are you of the opinion that, for the individual, security and freedom are incompatible? If so, for what reasons, in brief?

There is no essential incompatibility. It so happens that the freedom which we have known up to this time, that which traditional democracy endorses, is so incomplete and is founded on motives so individualistic that it permits, and at times encourages, insecurity. The new democracy, that which we shall reach by way of socialism, will bring a perfect balance between security and freedom. For it, insecurity will no longer exist when the social conditions producing it have ceased to exist. And freedom will then be understood as a superior coördination of collective forces which guarantee security.

I know that there exists an old belief that in Spanish-American countries freedom means inefficiency, insecurity, anarchy, and that constructive work can be carried on in countries like ours only at the cost of a serious cutting down on democratic rights. The thesis is fundamentally false. The truth is that we have tried to reach democracy, but without breaking up an economic structure that is hostile and contrary to it. How can democracy flourish under a feudal organization? In times of "loose hand," the evil feudal heritages made their way comfortably. But in the times of "firm hand," feudalism was backed up by all those directly profiting. In either case the essential factor remained the same; there has been no change in the reality, which repudiates democracy, understood as a stage corresponding to a definite economic evolution.

Does all that has been said above mean perhaps that without a real revolution, without a revolution which will remove feudalism by bringing in the bourgeois period that engenders democracy, there cannot be freedom for Spanish America?

Yone Noguchi

THE PRESENT international situation reminds me of the time, twenty-five years ago, when we were asked to choose between an energy-civilization, based on power, and a morality-civilization based on a cosmic law of harmony. A truly great society cannot be one that turns back upon itself and tears itself to pieces. For many years, we Japanese have been reading English books describing a democratic civilization developed step by step on liberal, even ethical, principles. The outstanding quality of such a civilization must be its power to survive, regulated by its own sense of honor, conscious of its responsibility for humanity. A nation that seeks harmonious development, even under difficult circumstances, will not become a victim of wild dreams or self-indulgence. Japan will be heavily indebted to such a democratic civilization as that of America if it manages to avoid ruthless ambition and materialism, and to remain safely on the middle path between fascism and communism. It is certainly a mistake to think that Japan is now embarked on a fascist course.

The world at present is badly confused; following a safe path is a matter of momentous importance. Material interests hamper the effort to maintain mental equilibrium. Nevertheless, it can be done. One cannot comment on the comparative merits of authoritarian government and democracy without at the same time pointing out that each country has its own special problems and must find its own way in the light of history. If the national spirit remains secure, I see no reason why, for the individual, security and freedom should be incompatible. Look forward with hope, believe in the future.

Charles A. Beard

THERE has obviously been a reaction from the high tide of political democracy as it stood about the year 1920, both in practice and in the hopes cherished. Yet that reaction has been most marked in the countries that had really never had political democracy in anything like the full sense of the term, such as Germany, Italy and Japan. In Russia a dictatorship of the proletariat was substi-

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tuted for autocracy, not for democracy, and even now Russia seems to be reaching out in the democratic direction in the new Constitution. Democracy has always had to struggle for existence since its inception, and doubtless will have to struggle in the future.

I do not believe that authoritarian government is superior to democracy; yet I recognize that in every government there is an element of authority. Scattered along the march of humanity are more wrecks of authoritarian governments than of democratic governments. By authoritarian I suppose you mean governments of force imposed by violence.

The antithesis between authority and liberty, security and freedom, is just false nonsense. Outside of society and authority, there is only the liberty of the shivering and superstitious savage. Only inside society and authority is there any civilized liberty at all. The issue is, and always has been, one of degree, not of absolutes. Only in some such terms can the subject be discussed with any intelligence or any respect for the facts of life.

The Greek Games Are Like This

SO YOU'VE never seen the Greek Games? You're just the person I am looking for; let me tell you. . . .

The games are held once a year at Barnard College (for women) in New York City, between the Freshman and Sophomore classes, and it is practically impossible to get a ticket, with ten rejected applicants for every successful one. You come on a spring afternoon into a big box of a gymnasium, hot and artificially lighted. Temporary bleachers have been strung across one side of the room, crowded to the last degree with alumnae and students and mamas and aunts, plus an occasional embarrassed papa. Across the room is a conscientiously simple stage, with an altar and some columns. The gymnasium walls are partly concealed behind long hangings of thin gray stuff.

About the time that you begin to wish urgently that you were sitting in an armchair instead of being balanced on a six-inch board, the music strikes up and the Freshman and Sophomore classes enter from opposite corners, dressed in homemade Greek costumes, very gay and cheeseclothy, in bright colors: deep red and apple green and midnight blue. Many members of these classes stay away because it is too much trouble to make a costume, but there are enough for two pleasant female flower gardens, packed close against the walls at right and left. Each group cheers vociferously, trying to sound very low-pitched and Greek, when its side scores a point.

The games are mostly conducted in the Greek tongue, which is understood not at all by the spectators or, I'll wager, by the contestants, except those few who have lines to speak and have painfully memorized them. The Joke of the Day, which patters up and down the spectators' ranks, is "It's all Greek to me." The classes challenge each other, with a great deal of sword and shield-shaking; there are competitions in poetry and in the writing of music (decided before the afternoon's program begins). Picked teams of a few girls from each class vie in throwing the discus (for form); in hurdle jumping (for form); and in chariot driving (for form). The chariots are ever so Greek, the charioteer leans backward and cracks her whip fiercely, and the ponies—I beg their pardon, horses—prance bare-legged in unison (for form). There are also actual races, in one of which the rivals roll huge hoops, and in the other, carry lighted torches, for fo—for speed.

Those competing in any one event—the discus throw, for example—wear identical Greek costumes, some of which are charming. The athletes really try, so much so that a hurdler who has caught her toe on the top bar may afterward be observed in a corner indulging in a few not very Greek but forgivable tears. After each event on the program, the distinguished judges—lucky devils, they have camp chairs—announce their verdict, dividing the points on either side with the greatest impartiality, though the whisper runs along the benches that the Sophomores of course always win.

It is all very charming, the gay colors of the Greek tunics, the vigorous sunburned young arms and legs flailing in the races, the earnest dignity and perspiration. It may have been just a recurring touch of his senility-trouble, but one middle-aged spectator, cramped on his circus bench, found it hard to look at these happy neo-Greeks without tears. His mind kept slipping away from these young people to others of the same age, in several parts of the world, who would be just as cheerful, given an equal chance, but do not get that chance.

He thought of students in Spain, whose spring is darkened by the rumble of fascist cannon, whose classrooms, some of them, today lie desolate and open to the sky where the bombs have come down. Of male students sprawled in a trench behind rifle sights, or very still in a deeper trench, with dirt in their faces. Of girls, those who still survive, rolling bandages or learning to clean bad wounds, in hospitals. Of Chinese students who are political prisoners, some of them subjected to those tortures that Chinese jailers have had so many centuries to think up. In Cuba, he remembered, universities stand idle lest the students who assemble there should speak the truth. He thought of girls in the Southern sharecropper country, or for that matter, only a mile or two away in the slums of New York, who have never had a single day of the comfortable, well fed existence of these young Greek athletes, who have never even had a decent pair of shoes. And thinking, quite against his will, these sad thoughts on a bright spring day, Good God, he said to himself, will men never stop acting like beasts toward one another, and let me enjoy the Greek Games in peace, hard bench and all?

BRUCE BLIVEN.

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Washington Notes

Senator Burke Menaces the Court Plan—Will Senator Clark Split the Party?—Eastern Lawyers Trim Eastern Tax Returns

THE SMALL, hot winds of danger are beginning to blow about Mr. Roosevelt's court plan. Only last November, Mr. Roosevelt was reëlected by 11,000,000 votes. Both friends and enemies agreed that he had come to hold greater effective political power than any other man in our history. Now, incredible as it seems, he may have to accept partial defeat from a Congress that he was supposed to own, body, votes and soul.

The danger he faces can be simply stated. A filibuster in the middle of the legislative term, in April or May, almost always blows itself out, and is not to be feared. But a filibuster at the very tip of the legislative term is invariably risky. The prospect now is that the Senate will not vote on the court plan until late July or August, and politicians who want to avoid committing themselves one way or another may simply plump for adjournment and go home.

Mr. Roosevelt sent his court bill to Congress in mid-February for the sole purpose of avoiding this danger. Together with his associate strategists, he appreciated that the earlier the court fight was disposed of, the more easily it could be won. What has happened is that he has been outsmarted by the friendly, smiling, inexplicable Senator Burke of Nebraska, a hunker from the state of Norris and Bryan, and Senator Burke's endless queue of witnesses.

Back in February, when the court bill was introduced, the administration lacked a majority in the Senate Judiciary Committee. It was uncertain of a favorable committee report. But, if it had wished, the administration could almost certainly have forced a report without recommendations, or—at worst—with minor concessions to the opposition. The administration strategists were too proud to yield. The President had just carried every state in the Union except two; they felt they had nothing to worry about. Upon which, Senator Burke began what was in effect a subterranean filibuster, using ringers brought in from common citizenry. It was a diabolical plan. A Senator reading passages from the Bible and last year's Congressional Record could have been pilloried as a desperate obstructionist. But who could question the motives of the eager-eyed law-school deans and church officials whom Senator Burke shepherded before the Judiciary Committee? The administration's whole legislative program was brought to a grinding halt.

The Judiciary Committee's hearings held up the court plan for six solid weeks. Senator Burke's witnesses are entitled to take what satisfaction they can from the fact that they helped perpetrate one of the most cold-blooded, elaborate and successful tricks in parliamentary records. This is all the satisfaction they can have. It is doubtful if anyone in the Senate recalls what they said, or even their names. As well ask the employees of a Chicago packing plant to remember the individual porkers.

What is the situation now? The regular appropriation bills must be passed by the end of the government's fiscal year, June 30, or theoretically the bailiffs will appear and start moving the government's desks and filing cases out on the sidewalk. The relief appropriation bill and the Cannon economy bill, providing for a 15-percent optional cut in all departmental budgets, are alone good for three weeks' debate. The administration strategists say privately that they have little hope of the Senate's reaching the court bill before July.

Senator Burke and his associates hotly deny that they mean to conduct a filibuster in their own names, without stooges, when the court bill is taken up. But they do expect to have their say, of course. Perhaps twenty of them admit that they intend to take a full legislative day, possibly two, to express their best thought. This means no vote until August. The administration claims from 55 to 58 supporters for the court plan, an estimate that I think justified if there were assurance of a straight-out vote. But perhaps ten of these nominally pro-administration Senators would dearly like to duck a vote of any kind. If a motion to adjourn *sine die* is offered next August, they will be like wild horses at a round-up.

The administration strategists boast that their nerves are calm and steady. Once the administration's firmness and confidence have been demonstrated, they predict that a majority of Democrats in Senator Burke's following will arrange a graceful surrender. They expect a bellowing debate in the Senate's air-conditioned chamber throughout most of July, and then a sudden vote enacting the court plan into law. Probably they are right, but before it happens we shall see the greatest congressional fight since the League Covenant was rejected.

After Senator Burke, the most dangerous oppositionist is perhaps Bennett Champ Clark. His speech two weeks ago before the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, bitterly attacking the court proposal, was a politically significant event. Senator Clark comes up for reëlection a year from this fall, and has many times been mentioned as a presidential candidate in 1940. I do not myself think his chances were especially bright, since Mr. Roosevelt will certainly dictate the Democratic choice in 1940, and it is hardly likely he would name someone, like Senator Clark, on the extreme right of the party. Nevertheless, Senator Clark apparently had every reason for keeping the administration's friendship, and this he has deliberately tossed away. He is now listed in the column which one of the Roosevelt strategists calls "Permanent Soreheads." Since both Senator Clark and his brilliant wife have formidable reputations as political analysts, his decision to break with the President has made a great impression on Democratic waverers. He has brought measurably nearer the day when the Democratic Party will be split down the middle.

A curious fact about the failure of tax receipts last month to reach expected levels has been insufficiently commented on. The detailed tabulations show that returns from the non-metropolitan tax districts come very close to meeting the Treasury's anticipations. New York, Philadelphia and Boston, together, account for nearly all the $300,000,000 drop below estimates, and a possible explanation for this has been suggested. It is simply that the great corporate and individual taxpayers in the metropolitan East were able to hire wilier lawyers than their counterparts in Duluth and Kansas City. Taxes were paid this year under a partially new law, the more esoteric features of which are uninter-

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preted by decisions of the Board of Tax Appeals, and it seems not unreasonable that the big Eastern law firms resolved all doubts in favor of their clients. The Treasury is known to be conducting a check of the largest of the March returns; the results of its investigation will show if this explanation is correct.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Words v. Deeds—The President Reverses a Few Decisions—Pro-Trust in '34, Anti-Trust in '37—What About the Guffey Act?

ONE OF the baffling phenomena of the New Deal has been the gay indifference to the meaning of words. A critic of the President who took his stand upon sheer literalism would accuse him of deliberately deceiving the people. But this is not true. The episode does not lend itself to such simple explanation. "We must drive the money-changers from the temple," says the President in that flaming first inaugural. Behind him stand William Woodin, Dean Atcheson, Tom K. Smith, waiting to be sworn in as Secretary, Under Secretary and Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. A literalist would say the President was spoofing. From the White House come brave words about great low-cost-housing plans. Then appears the representative of the chief enemy of low-cost housing as the President's "coördinator" of housing. Of course he "coördinates" low-cost housing out the window. Once again a purist would insist our leader was giving us the run-around. But, alas! the matter is not so easily resolved.

It is far more probable that the President has really never thought much about money-changers and their ways, cannot recognize them surely when he sees them, would like to give the people low-cost housing but cannot help remembering that slum owners and mortgage noteholders have feelings as well as the most oppressed tenant, sympathizes with the victims of property but likes the society and friendship and good will of those who thrive in the temple and who are holding the slums for a rise in realty values. And added to all this the President gives the impression of one who looks at the troubled scene from afar, with a sympathetic interest which does not affect his own light-hearted moods. He does not, as Lincoln did for instance, brood over the scene or lose a single wink of sleep because of the sorrows of the world he is supposed to be putting to rights. He is not too terribly in earnest about this abundance and this better day. Yet he likes the prospect. Above all he likes the applause of the groundlings who are to be salvaged while at the same time he enjoys the approval of those among their oppressors who are pleased to think that he is too sensible a man to proceed too swiftly with the redemption. "I will save you," he cries to the thunderous acclaim of the underdogs. "But of course gradually; very, very gradually," he observes to the upper-dogs; "and within the framework of Democratic politics," he smilingly nods to the party leaders. And thus we have become accustomed to great phrases, deeply flavored with the heavy spices of the liberal and progressive tradition, followed by a series of acts which seem to have no relation to those phrases.

I set this all down here and now because I think it is once again becoming immediately important. Not having had the wit to foresee all this in 1932 I voted for Franklin Roosevelt. I did not think him a great man or even a very able man. I knew something of his shortcomings, in common with most New Yorkers. But I thought him to be thoroughly honest-minded, and in the critical state of the nation at that moment I thought he could be depended on to do certain things. But if anyone had been able to convince me in the fall of 1932 that Franklin Roosevelt would abolish the anti-trust laws and call to Washington the leaders of business to form the NRA and deliver into their hands the shaping and control of our economic life I would not have voted for him. Indeed if anyone had accused him of such an intention I would not have believed him. When, therefore, he did this very thing, I felt that I for one had been betrayed. I still feel that way. And I do not want to be fooled again. What is more, I think various liberal and progressive groups should not permit Mr. Roosevelt to fool them on so vital a matter again.

The immediate occasion for all this is the news which is coming out of Washington about the anti-trust laws. The papers announce one day, for instance, that the President is studying ways to bring about a better enforcement of these laws. The next day comes a story that the President is profoundly disturbed by the rise of prices which he attributes to the flouting of the anti-trust laws. And then comes the comment that the laws cannot be enforced because of the attitude of the courts—those hated courts. This goes on for several weeks until presently there emerges from it all the figure of our President as the great champion of the anti-trust laws, which he cannot enforce because of the courts, and the Tribune of the People battling for lower prices, which he is powerless to get because of the wicked combines and monopolies.

One has to rub one's eyes. It is but three short years ago when the President had the admiring reporters into his White House sanctum lecturing them upon the necessity of permitting corporations and producers to combine to raise prices, limit production, regulate competition and generally regulate trade. To the American people he said in a radio address: "If we cannot get prices up one way, we will get them up another." The level to which he wanted to raise them was indicated—the price level of 1926. They have not yet hit that mark. He suspended the Sherman anti-trust law and the Clayton Act. He invited the business groups to Washington to regulate themselves and, in the language of Mr. Richberg, bade them "write their own tickets"; which, of course, with his approval, they did.

Of course the courts couldn't enforce the anti-trust laws. There were no such laws for the courts to enforce. The President had destroyed them. They did not come back into existence until the Supreme Court declared unconstitutional the act by which they were suspended. In 1934 (March 19) the Federal Trade Commission attacked the steel industry for its monopolistic practices. For that sin the President put the FTC in the dog house. It's still there.

And now this same President, with the aid of newspaper reporters who swallow what he tells them, has become the great protagonist of the anti-trust laws and the champion of low prices. He sighs through his Attorney General that he cannot curb the steel makers in their collusive price

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bidding. After all, the identical prices of the steel barons are the result of the basing-point system. The courts will not let him do anything about that. The laws must be rewritten. As a matter of fact the courts have never been asked to pass on the basing-point system. The Federal Trade Commission attacked it in 1924. But in 1933 the President turned all this over to the steel men themselves and they promptly legalized the basing-point system and the NRA approved it. What worries me is that out of all this blather will come a demand from the White House to rewrite the Sherman anti-trust law in order to strengthen it and that it will end up by hopelessly weakening it to make way for another NRA. After all, in the very same week in which the President leaps to the defense of the anti-trust laws, he sets in motion the new Guffey Act turning over the control of the soft-coal industry to the coal producers.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

The Museum of Costume Art

THIS FORTNIGHT has seen opened in New York, at 610 Fifth Avenue, a museum that fulfills a genuine need. A number of our greater museums have in their stores many handsome costumes, materials and accessories, not to speak of private collections, or of heirlooms tucked away. But even in the case of the better equipped museums you will find that, though there is a certain amount of exhibition, the space is limited, and the material therefore not easily accessible. Museums in Stockholm, Copenhagen and Vienna, and other cities, have fine collections of costumes, but so far as I know these are costumes in a museum rather than a museum of costumes. And at any rate they are not so inclusive, they have no such range over many countries as this Museum of Costume Art intends to establish.

The proposal, then, is for a museum of costume for the city of New York. It is to be a museum for the display and study of costume and of all objects and all materials that have been and are a part of human dress. The word "dress" is to be noted, for this is not to be a museum of stage costumes but rather of authentic clothes. Not that stage costumes are to be excluded; there is at present, for example, a group of costumes from the No plays of Japan; though one might say, of course, that the antiquity of these plays is such as a family or clan might enjoy, and these costumes not so much of the stage as of constant and familiar generations. In this new museum's scheme there is also the possibility of acquiring from time to time stage costumes that are important in relation to some epoch, to some production, or to the record of some great artist, or that may serve as sheer documents in theatre history.

By way of study facilities, there will be a library so arranged that the student seeking certain information will find not only the books on the costume of the period he ransacks but also books on those arts, such as painting, sculpture, ceramics, tapestries, textiles, et cetera, upon which these books on costume are based. There will be also collections of photographs, newspaper clippings, prints and diverse material otherwise that lies within the field of human dress. There will be, too—an item to be noted as both unusual and most practical—a library of flat patterns, cut to human size, plus tables for drawing and cutting patterns. The exhibition rooms will be large in order that space of any shape or size desirable may be included, to suit the character of the material exhibited. Although some kind of permanent exhibition may be established, the collections of the museum will not be permanently on view: there will be a series of changing costume shows throughout the season. Thus the museum's scope will be extended, and the possibility of borrowing from other museums and private collections increased. The loan exhibitions, not only American but from other countries are, therefore, assured. Meantime the purely commercial aspect of the museum is not to be overlooked: the trade and its designers of garments and creators of fashions will have, to some extent at least free of Paris, full access to the museum, its records, patterns and advice.

It is, as a matter of course, one of the sweeping platitudes in the realm of stage costume that not only the costume itself counts, a part of the costume is the actor's wearing of it. In this respect we can only hope for the best. But there is at least a chance that the prints, pictures, photographs, et cetera, in such a museum as this may help certain actors to more perception of the variety of the stage clothes they wear and of the necessity of wearing them within some sharp precision of style that is characteristic of their epoch or school. This, added to the setting, is a means of forwarding the visual articulation of the drama in hand.

There is, in the museum's scheme, a plan for scenes that may show the historic period within which certain costumes exhibited may walk and proclaim themselves. And, wherever possible, the exhibition of any costume is to be three dimensional—you may walk around it—in order that the due vitality and movement of life may be suggested and a static aridity avoided. It is interesting to note in passing that the problem as to what automata ought to be employed, what figures and forms, and especially what heads, for the mounting of the costumes, has not yet been decided upon by those who have directed and arranged the exhibition. The heads and faces, for example, to take one of the problems, shall they be lifelike or stereotypes, masks, or abstract forms? Even the most advanced shop windows on Fifth Avenue—M. Jean Piqué's creations for instance, at Bonwit Teller's—still struggle with this problem. What face, therefore, should most rightly emerge from Olivarez' ruff, or what neck and physiognomy further the exhibition of Diane de Poitiers' bodice, must remain the museum's business.

Above all these considerations there arises the fact that the trouble with many of our New York stage costumes is that they present a surface that has been taken from the pictures of a given epoch but in the actual making built on a foundation that is entirely modern, usual, often casual, whereas the real cutting of clothes begins from the skin out. The chance to examine authentic costumes may supply the designer with a basic construction that will assure his stage costume a genuine quality. Only those who know the subject well will appreciate the significance of this point.

There remains finally that special consideration of what constitutes a dramatic costume. As to dramatic costume one might say for instance that Madame Nazimova's floating garments for Mrs. Alving in "Ghosts" are dramatic. That may be so; but if so, we have only a case of withdrawal, abstraction. We have quite another matter when it comes to a restatement, a translation, of the actual clothes of a period into costume that really furthers the dramatic needs of the

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scene. In this respect no museum can beyond a certain point function very importantly, since in order to see the point we must not only recognize the costume dramatic to some scene but recall the scene itself. Such a museum, however, by increasing his command and ease, adds to the designer's chances for dramatic expression within the medium, which is the language of clothes and style. STARK YOUNG.

A Stravinsky World-Premiere

SCHUMANN remarked that, standing between the Eroica and the Fifth, Beethoven's B-major symphony has the appearance of a Greek maiden between Norse heroes. It is possible that if he had attended the recent evenings of the American Ballet at the Metropolitan Opera House, the genial Robert might with his mind's eye have perceived the figures of a giant flanked by two pygmies. These shapes would have represented to him the comparative statures of the three Stravinsky ballets which composed the program. The pygmies would have signified those of the performances—the first American—of "Apollon Musagète" and "Le Baiser de la Fée." The giant would have represented that of the new ballet, "The Card Party," the occasion of whose production, under the composer's baton, was a world-première.

Simultaneously, the composer-critic would have been aware that the novelty's appearance of relatively colossal magnitude was somewhat illusory, flowing to a distinct degree from the fact of its companions' puniness: a puniness the consequence of wooden choreography combined in one case with a vital if languidly classical score, and in the other with an interminable fantasia on themes of Tchaikovsky's. That the American Ballet has grown technically was made evident by both these revivals: also, the fact of its extreme poverty in talent. The choreography of "Apollon" was utterly empty of poetry, effortful, and essentially at variance with the music. If that of "Le Baiser" was less antagonistic to its score, it was largely for the reason that that composition itself is Stravinsky's feeblest, and that the notes no less than the sets and the miming were moldy.

And still, if the contrast between these ballets and "The Card Party" flowed from *their* demerits, to some degree it did flow from the qualities of the new work and its performance. The piece proved to be a witty ballet-bouffe. The stage represented the green, candelabra-flanked cloth in a card room; and on it, dancers symbolizing a deck of cards enacted a game of poker—or, better, a sort of card-world midsummer night's dream exhibiting the mysterious little psyches of its inhabitants. The devil of the sphere was the tricky, perfidious Joker. Complicating all the plays, he managed with the aid of a quartet of warrior-aces to defeat four queens. But in the end, strutting at the head of a straight in spades, he was defeated by the unexpected emergence of a royal flush in hearts, and, collapsing, rolled off the boards; while, suddenly protrusive from the wings, two vast hands triumphantly raked in their gains.

The score, meanwhile, shook hands with Rossini, whom it actually quotes, and with the Prokofieff of "The Love of Three Oranges." Melodic and consonant in style, couched in the dry, often Italianate idiom of the later Stravinsky, and full of passages of harsh counterpoint, it from time to time called to mind the primitive-brutal music of a somewhat talentless child, who, beating the piano and blowing the trumpet, succeeds in maintaining a gay fracas. Among Stravinsky's other compositions, its closest parallel—for all the disparity of the styles, and the new work's relative grandeur of proportions and sobriety of manner—probably is the equally *buffo* "Renard" of his Russian-nationalistic days. Certainly, "The Card Party" does not rank among the composer's highly fertile pieces. But it has considerable wit and go and spirit, and, at certain moments, notably during the Joker's wild dance at the close of the second of the three "deals," a brilliant vitality. And the set and the costumes and the choreography sparkled. The set was clear red and green and gold. The costumes were bright, clever variants of the traditional vestments of the face-cards in the deck. The formal, part clownishly stiff, part lightly lyrical dancing presented charming little bouquets of gauzy costumes and elfish figures to the eye; and gave the feeling the corps de ballet was thoroughly enjoying itself. William Dollar was fire and mischief themselves in the role of the Joker; and contributed remarkably to the delight of this victorious divertissement. PAUL ROSENFELD.

The Bandwagon

Mr. Walter Wanger has called off "The River Is Blue." Unable to predict which side will win in the Spanish Civil War, he was unable to choose which side should win in the picture.—*News item from Hollywood in The Christian Science Monitor.*

Lady Chatterley's Lover, by D. H. Lawrence. Unexpurgated except for the obscene passages.—*Advertisement in the current catalogue of the Union Library Association.*

The Stamp Collectors' Fortnightly said today that "much as we all admired—almost worshiped Edward VIII, it was well known that he was not personally a philatelist."—*London dispatch published in The Los Angeles, Calif., Daily News.*

Religious instructors in the public schools in the Province of Anhalt have received orders to suggest in their teaching that Christ could not have been Jewish, to emphasize that he fought the "Jewish spirit" and not to use the Old Testament any more than necessary except as a demonstration of the breakdown of a race that "refused to receive God."—*Berlin dispatch to The New York Times.*

The Mayor [Mayor Rossi of San Francisco] said a proclamation calling on police to pounce on gamblers and conduct such a stern warfare on vice that it should "never again rear its ugly head" in San Francisco, was issued by error while he was home ill of a fever.—*From a San Francisco dispatch published in The Los Angeles, Calif., Times.*

R.I.P.

Rare opportunity to buy office equipment which we purchased for spot cash at forced sales and close-outs from Hale Desk Co. (bankrupt), Brooklyn Elks' Clubhouse, Social Security Board, Republican National Committee, American Liberty League.—*From an advertisement in The New York Times.*

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SIAMESE-TWIN DEPARTMENT

We're all workers together, the men and I.—*Henry Ford, in an interview published in The New York Times.*

No one can question my sympathies for the workers, I am one of them.—*Bernarr Macfadden, writing in Liberty, of which he is the owner.*

TEACH 'EM TO TRUST NOBODY

First reaction to the idea of street play areas for children under supervision of city officers is that of approval. Reflection, however, invites caution. Is it desirable to impress upon the minds of children, even subconsciously, the notion that government should provide the pleasurable things of life? A treasonable question, to be sure, according to the modern way of looking at things. But it is one worth thought.—*From an editorial in The Oklahoma City, Okla., Times.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.—THE EDITORS.

A COMMUNICATION

The Moscow Trials

SIR: I ask the courtesy of your columns to state as briefly as possible certain of my conclusions about the Moscow trials:

1. It is a fact for us all to face that the world has not understood these trials as psychological or legal events. It is a fact further that the Soviet Union and its orthodox representatives have not explained these events in language to convince all who should be convinced and to clarify all that must be clarified. Reasons for this are not far to seek, when we recall that the Russian peoples have lived for twenty years in a state of virtual siege by the encompassing capitalist world and now are confronted by overwhelming evidence of sabotage and treason; and when we recall further that, although the Soviet Union has earned the reverence of all good liberals and radicals, its own cultural past with its lack of our democratic traditions and its habits of dogmatism in the political and ideological fields, frequently cause it to speak *ex cathedra:* a method of conviction alien to most Western minds.

2. I know it is without precedent for a verdict of the supreme tribunal of a sovereign state to be subjected to inquiry or elucidation. But the position of the Soviet Union is without precedent. The USSR is more than a great and independent nation; as the first socialist republic, it is a kind of fatherland for all good revolutionists. In this role, it is not independent, it is answerable to us all, and it has frequently shown that it is aware of this responsibility. Therefore, when events take place in Russia which, perhaps because of a different cultural background or a strained psychological and political state, are not fully understood, our loyalty demands the most rigorous effort to interpret them; and any less becomes betrayal.

3. To name the lesser first, there is a problem of individual justice. If we take the Moscow trials at their face value, we find an essential difference between the position of the defendants and of Leon Trotsky. The defendants, after preliminary hearings that remain secret, in which presumably they were confronted with deadly evidence against them, stand in the record as self-confessed liars, traitors, assassins; and Trotsky stands primarily accused by these same self-confessed liars, traitors, assassins. It seems to me simple justice that a man whose guilt rests today on the word of *such men* should have the chance to defend himself by the presentation of legal evidence.

(*a*) It may be said: Trotsky, demanding safe conduct for himself, should have returned to Moscow and confronted his accusers. When I put this suggestion to Trotsky, he answered that since the trials were a trap for him, to have gone back would have been to commit suicide. Trotsky's excuse, therefore, for not returning to Moscow to defend himself is part of the argument of his defense. It is simple logic that this matter must be investigated elsewhere.

(*b*) We must not forget, moreover, that Trotsky is more than an individual sharing the right of all men to a fair hearing. As one of the leaders of 1905 and 1917, as Lenin's most conspicuous co-worker, as a brilliant internationally read Marxist writer, Trotsky has become a symbol. Confusion about the present nature of this man—about whether he is today a liar, a terrorist, an ally of fascists, and (if so) about the reasons—must have an incalculably demoralizing effect on young liberals and radicals everywhere.

4. Trotsky's accusation, that the trials from beginning to end were a frame-up built upon false confessions wrung from demoralized men, may sound unreasonable to most (myself included), who have *carefully studied* the record. But it is incontrovertible that this charge has created doubts not alone among the large numbers who wish to think ill of the Soviet Union, but among countless sincere people throughout the world whose *morale* is indispensable to the revolutionary movement at this hour when the choice must be made between fascism and progress. We are faced, not with a theory, but with a psychological fact. By this fact, however we may regret it, the Soviet Union becomes the accused, the Soviet supreme leaders become the defendants. Whether we like it or not, Trotsky in many important quarters has turned the offensive against the Soviet Union. It is crucial therefore, to the Soviet Union and to the cause of social revolution which with it has been impugned, that Trotsky be given full valid opportunity to *prove* his charges with legal evidence—or that his charges be discredited definitively and forever.

5. In consequence of the above, I make the following suggestion: There should be formed without further delay a court to study the evidence of the Moscow trials and of Trotsky's counter-charges. This court must consist of men *technically* equipped: in large part it should be formed of jurists or lawyers remote from revolutionary politics and of unimpeached professional honor. *This court must have access to all the evidence,* otherwise it will be futile. Trotsky of course must open his archives to it; but no less the Soviet Union must facilitate its study of all the hearings and evidence that preceded the open trials.

(*a*) It is reasonably claimed that Moscow must have had compelling proof of the guilt of these men, including Trotsky, in order to force the confessions; but that strained international relations made the publication of this evidence a danger to peace. This is a plausible explanation of the strange form the trials have taken; but it also explains why

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in so many places the trials have failed to convince. The court must be trusted by the Soviet Union in confidence to examine such secret, dangerous evidence, although it publishes only its conclusions. As a socialist nation and as fatherland of all revolutionary workers, the Soviet Union can do no less.

(*b*) As I write, a subcommission is preparing its report after "hearing" Trotsky in Mexico. But whatever this group may find and publish will change few opinions, dispel few doubts. The reason is that the American Committee for the Defense of Trotsky, which has sponsored this hearing in Mexico, although it contains the names of men of integrity, is indubitably controlled by Trotskyists: that is, by men whose entire political life has become involved in the premise that Trotsky and all the defendants are innocent and that the Soviet Union is guilty. These are men with whom, manifestly, neither the Soviet Union nor other bodies whose evidence is needed (such as the French and Norwegian police) will coöperate: and I repeat, without this full coöperation the work of any court would be futile.

6. Who then should form this court of technically equipped men? Obviously, the two major bodies whose sacred common cause is endangered by the confusions which the court must solve. Obviously, the Second and the Third Internationals. And in order to make the business less unwieldy, the constituted executive organs of Socialists and Communists in the United States and Great Britain (who speak the same language) might get together for the work.

7. Since I have been and remain, through a preponderance of political approval over certain disagreements, a friend of the Communists, I now call on them to begin. Let the Communists check for a while their need of calling Trotsky a murderer, Trotskyists fascists, and all men who seek further light on the trials dupes and stool-pigeons: let them leave the name-calling to our Russian comrades, who have more cause to be emotional, long enough to agree to work with the Socialists in the naming of this court. Let them realize that the fair name of the Soviet Union and the progress of social revolution demand this; and that their refusal to swallow their pride and to coöperate would endanger the indubitable present Communist position of revolutionary leadership throughout the world. I make this appeal to the American Communists as to allies with whom I have fought in the past and with whom I hope to fight in the future. I make the appeal for coöperation to the Soviet Union, as one who has defended from the beginning the sanctity of the Russian Revolution.

8. A serious schism threatens the revolutionary world, and at a time when unity as never before is needed. At present, most men believe opposing and absolute "truths" about the Moscow trials; and believe as they do largely for subjective, wishful reasons. If this continues, these "truths" will become myths. A set of hardened myths, forever out of touch with the logic of investigation, will split the revolutionary world into two camps. The effect of such myths, moreover, will be to confuse all minds; to make us less strong in clarity and realism during the crucial years before us.

(*a*) On the other hand, the Moscow trials offer a signal opportunity to all revolutionists to prove that we can rise above personalities, above sectarian loyalties, above all previous stratified alignments, in our need for new light and deeper insight. Behind these trials lie profound lessons for us all, discoveries in the realms of human behavior crucial to the progress of the cause of revolution. Before we can begin even to approach these lessons, we must undertake the simple but ruthless exploration of the facts, which I propose. If we learn the lessons of the Moscow trials, even the fate of the condemned and the accused (a tragic fate from any standpoint and worthy of literary treatment more dignified than vituperation) will not have been in vain.

New York City WALDO FRANK.

CORRESPONDENCE

Citizen Alien

SIR: I am an American citizen, having been born in Puerto Rico on March 14, 1906, and coming to the United States mainland in 1919.

I am being held here at Ellis Island, facing exclusion as an "alien." My case history extends back to 1928, when I was convicted of a crime, of which I was completely innocent, and served two and a half years at Sing Sing. I claimed Chilean birth, on the advice of a friend, in an attempt to escape serving the prison sentence. Instead, I served the two-and-a-half-year term and was then deported to Chile.

I have been deported from the United States four times, returning each time. The Chilean consul here in New York is finally convinced that I am not a Chilean citizen and has refused to issue any more passports to effect my deportation. I have, however, been ordered excluded from the United States, the country of my birth, and immigration officials are trying to force the Grace Lines to take me out of the country. About the only place they can leave me is in the middle of the ocean, since no country will allow me to enter.

I am a citizen of the United States. I was born in this country. Why should United States immigration officials expect any other country to take me in?

This last time, I have been imprisoned on Ellis Island since October, 1936. It has been six long months and I have become sick, having had to be removed to the Marine Hospital.

Could you possibly help me? Please do all you can.

Marine Hospital, Ellis Island. RAIMUNDO ESTRADA.

Defending the Jefferson Memorial

SIR: The letter protesting against the proposed Jefferson Memorial, which appeared in The New Republic for April 7, confuses the issue by dogmatism and intemperance. Indeed, it will be read by some more as an indictment of a certain type of architectural propaganda than of the monument or its architect which are so roundly abused. The emotional bias is betrayed even in the description of the monument as being "without imagination or vitality," "a pompous pile," "barren and joyless," "serving no purpose whatsoever," and resting on "an arid platform," a question-bearing epithet. Why not: "a platform, ample and serene"?

No defense of such a carefully studied monument is possible in a few words and to expose the overt and implied fallacies contained in the letter needs chapters, not paragraphs.

The objection that the design is "completely inappropriate as a memorial to Thomas Jefferson" reveals a serious confusion as to what is architectural appropriateness. Architectural memorials, by their very nature, lack the specificity of literature, drama, painting or Mrs. Jarley's wax works, but architecture can set certain funda-

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mental attitudes, certain ideals and moods which are characteristic of the human spirit at its finest. The monument in question does, by the perfection of its proportions, the quiet solemnity of its low dome, and the compactness of its form, express a nobility and seriousness which are appropriate to the ideal on which the nation was founded, and which we hope will prevail. The openness of its colonnades, and the tranquil space surrounding them, is generous and humane, inviting the onlooker to enter and participate in a lofty mood. Such a monument would be an appropriate expression of Jefferson's character, and the grandeur of the ideal which he did so much to formulate. Jefferson himself was an avowed classicist. He understood and respected the principles of lucid and well ordered grace. His own notable architectural achievements revealed an understanding of classical forms, and a belief in their fitness in modern times for the expression of ideals of universal validity.

True, the monument was awarded without competition, and this seems particularly to annoy the writers of the letter. But it is a naïve idea that competition selects the best. The history of architecture proves the contrary. The letter is shrill, ill tempered and careless, and it is not surprising that it has already been followed by resolutions and statements that are frantic and vulgar. The issues are serious and fundamental and the discussion should be worthy of them.

ARTHUR UPHAM POPE.

New York City.

N. B. Perhaps it ought to be stated that the coincidence of name of writer and architect has no bearing on the above statements.

"Ideology and Utopia"

SIR: While making due allowances for the human accidents to which a book reviewer (even so distinguished a one as Carl Becker) may be subject, such as choler, or indigestion, or blind spots, I feel that some protest should be entered at the review of Karl Mannheim's "Ideology and Utopia" [The New Republic, January 27]. This work, save for a special introduction to the English edition, has been available in German since 1929. It embodies a powerful analysis of the intellectual crisis of the modern world. It has been regarded by leading contemporary historians and sociologists as the most profound, incisive, comprehensive writing of recent years on the problem, broadly seen, of control of political society by the human reason, the problem of "making history." It makes a courageous answer in the spirit of modern, post-Newtonian science to the pessimistic and cynical contentions of Spengler and Pareto, who have enjoyed an influence in measure with the success which prejudice, passion and inverted literary power may bring even to philosophers.

In general, Mannheim asserts the validity of the sustained, scientific effort (Hegel, Marx, Max Weber, etc.) to make order within the realm of sociology and the related science of history. He continues in a less positivistic, a more guarded and pragmatic, manner than the earlier followers of Marx, to treat the idea-world which rules men as knowable, and the structure of its changes as susceptible, ultimately, of being fixed theoretically. It is with regard to this essential purpose of Mannheim's that Mr. Becker (the engaging author of "Every Man His Own Historian") appears bitterly skeptical and almost frivolous. . . .

Mannheim's arguments from "the lessons of history" are done with a scrupulous awareness that the observer is part of the observed, that human and phenomenal relations are dynamic, changing and "relative." But I do not agree with Mr. Becker's humoristic and misleading impression that "having pressed all our heads down below the surface of the flowing social process . . . [the author] tells that we can after all escape drowning by frankly recognizing that we are under water." Mr. Becker exaggerates whimsically the scientific guardedness which Mannheim uses in presenting his design of what we may achieve by more organized, and also more pragmatic, studies of social knowledge and history in the future.

Mannheim believes, and argues with fresh insight, despite the unhappy period we live through, that we can gather, test and organize knowledge of social relations upon a more objective basis than ever before. . . . He very clearly believes in the possibility of a "science of politics" following a far more disciplined effort to chart the unconscious, intuitive, inarticulate, as well as the declared motives and interests of men as social beings.

The intellectual instruments he brings, like those inventions of applied science in aviation, carry us a little farther in fighting drift, blind weather and the unknown, but do not pretend to ensure totally against human error in the future. Nevertheless, man continues his attempts to conquer the air, as well as the more perplexing and elusive branches of knowledge.

Gaylordsville, Conn. MATTHEW JOSEPHSON.

Some Housing or No Housing

SIR: T. R. B.'s discussion of the Wagner-Steagall housing bill in your April 21 issue is a rather specious plea for continuing stupidity in housing. Admittedly this is backed by organized labor, but that does not necessarily justify it, since the A.F. of L. also endorsed the NRA. In order really to achieve its avowed purpose, the bill should be amended as the People's Lobby will suggest, to protect the government on the price it pays for land, to permit it to construct or lease its own plants to manufacture building material where necessary to protect the government against excessive prices, and to permit the federal government to take the initiative in housing projects where private interests and local governments fail to act. There is nothing radical about this, merely common sense, and these amendments are essential to prevent this bill being a subsidy to land speculators and profiteers in building material, which of course T. R. B. does not want any more than does The New Republic or the rest of us.

BENJAMIN C. MARSH,
Washington, D. C. Executive Secretary, The People's Lobby.

[In the article to which Mr. Marsh refers, T. R. B. said: "As a long-time public-housing program, this writer himself thinks very little of the Wagner-Steagall bill. I would, indeed, be ready to spot Mr. Morgenthau anything up to, say, six flaws in an open flaw-picking contest. But none of the bill's advocates, so far as I know, pretends that it is a final solution. The advocates of the bill say that you don't haggle over pennies in relieving a flood, and that you ought not to in wiping out a slum. If the bill is passed at the present session, a billion dollars' worth of low-cost housing will be under construction or finished by 1941; if it isn't passed, it won't be."—THE EDITORS.]

Credit to the Bureau of Business Research

SIR: I am just a little surprised to note that Mr. Imberman, in his review of "The Economics of the Iron and Steel Industry" (page 366 of your April 28 issue), failed to mention the name of the research organization which conducted this study and which is responsible for publication of the two-volume work. For the benefit of your readers, therefore, may I say that these volumes represent the results of a research investigation conducted by the Bureau of Business Research, University of Pittsburgh, and that they constitute number 6 in our series of Research Monographs. The title page shows the series title and number and states that the work is published for the Bureau of Business Research by the McGraw-Hill Book Company, and the Director's Preface makes clear the origin and setting of the study.

RALPH J. WATKINS, Director,
Bureau of Business Research, University of Pittsburgh.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Albert Pucci, of Champaign, Illinois, leads off with a large hurrah for Edmund Wilson's remarks about the poor quality of American bookmaking and he hopes more literary critics will comment on the physical makeup of books. . . . Frank A. Sieverman of New York City thinks John T. Flynn is all wrong in referring to the sit-down strikes as the probable reason for the Supreme Court's recent bursts of liberality and accuses Flynn of unwillingness to give President Roosevelt proper credit for "wangling the Wagner Act decision from the throats of the comma hunters of the Court." . . . A former resident of Puerto Rico who now lives in New York City disagrees with our editorial on the Puerto Rican problem in the issue of April 14 in that he says we exaggerate the

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Special to "The New York Times."

WASHINGTON, April 29.—Drastic changes in the National Labor Relations Act were demanded by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States in resolutions adopted today. It also strongly opposed President Roosevelt's judiciary program, demanded . . .

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amount of sentiment for independence. He quotes Resident Commissioner Santiago Iglesias as authority for the statement that the majority of the island's residents want to remain Americans.

Carl D. Thompson, of the Public Ownership League, 127 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, urges New Republic readers not only to support H.J.R. 260, providing for a federal investigation of the activities of private power companies in fighting municipal ownership and public projects, but also to report any instances of such activity to Representative John E. Rankin, House Office Building, Washington, D. C.

Leo A. Lerner, managing editor of The Lincoln-Belmont Booster, a neighborhood newspaper in Chicago, tells us that neighborhood papers such as his own frequently serve as an antidote to the reactionary policies of the large metropolitan dailies, which we described in our recent supplement, "The Press and the Public." Mr. Lerner's paper has a circulation of 45,000 and he also writes a weekly column, syndicated in neighborhood papers having a total circulation of 210,000. He says the point of view in these publications is liberal and progressive and an attempt is made to align political and economic policies with the actual needs of the readers.

Albert Sterner, of New York City, expresses himself as so delighted with the article by Benedetto Croce in our issue of April 7 that he almost suggests we need not go on with our series, "The Future of Democracy." Mr. Sterner thinks that Croce's "superb and constructive analysis" says just about all that can be said on the subject.... Fred R. Graham, of Columbia, Missouri, calls upon us to print more news and articles about the coöperative movement, so that "workers who have organized effectively as producers can take up the task of organizing as consumers."

The Ben Leider Memorial Fund, 545 Fifth Avenue, New York City, sends us a copy of a cable sent to the family of this New York newspaperman who was recently killed while flying a plane for the Spanish loyalists. Hidalgo de Cisneros, commander in chief of the Spanish Republican Air Force, signed the cable, which said, in part: "I wish to express the Republic's deep appreciation and respect for the courageous way in which Ben Leider gave his life in defense of democracy." . . . Marjorie Fisher, of the League of American Writers, sends us a copy of a resolution adopted by the League on the death of Ilya Ilf, the Soviet novelist and humorist. The League express its regret at "the loss of a fine talent which combined good nature and love of human beings."

What's on the Air?

John D. M. Hamilton, who will be remembered as the chairman of the Republican National Committee, appraises "The Present Position and Attitude of the Republican Party." Saturday, May 8, 10:30 to 11 P.M., NBC-Red Network.

A new drama, "Supply and Demand," written for radio by Irwin Shaw, author of last season's "Bury the Dead," is presented by the Columbia Workshop, Sunday, May 9, 7 to 7:30 P.M., CBS.

Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace and others appear on the National Farm and Home Hour. Tuesday, May 11, 1:30 to 2:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Both the NBC and CBS networks, as well as most of the independent stations of the country, will be completely filled with broadcasts of the ceremonies of the coronation of King George VI of England on Wednesday, May 12, The two-hour service at Westminster Abbey begins at 6:15 A.M., the round-the-world "Homage to the Empire" program is set for 2:20 P.M., and King George's address to his subjects is scheduled for 3 P.M.

Dr. James P. Warbasse, president of the Coöperative League of the United States, and Michael Schaap, president of a large New York City department store, discuss the relative merits of consumers' coöperatives and private-profit business. Sunday, May 16, 5:30 to 6 P.M., Mutual Broadcasting System.

Musical highlights of the week include Aaron Copland's new play-opera for high-school students, "The Second Hurricane," heard on the Columbia Broadcasting System's new summer series, "Everybody's Music," at 4 P.M. on Sunday, May 9; a popular concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra under the direction of Arthur Fiedler, Thursday, May 13, 8:30 to 9:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; and the Chicago Symphonic Hour on Friday, May 14, 11 P.M., NBC-Red Network.

All times given are Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Still Middletown?

IN JUNE, 1935, just ten years after the end of the Lynds' first "venture in contemporary anthropology," Robert Lynd returned to Muncie, Indiana, with a staff of five assistants. He wanted to learn the sequel to the earlier story. How much had Middletown-Muncie actually changed as a result of the boom and the depression? Had the basic texture of its culture been tough enough to remain intact? Were people returning sharply to the old faiths, or were they moving out to embrace new ways of thought?

"Middletown in Transition,"[1] written in collaboration with Mrs. Lynd, tells what the investigators found on their second visit. Muncie had become much more attractive. Many public improvements had been carried out with government relief money. A new interest in flower gardening had been encouraged by the leisure time that was so abundant during the depression years. The wealthier business folk had moved westward into new suburbs that reproduced Westchester. Good times were coming back and the streets were crowded with smiling people.

There were other changes of a more fundamental nature. Back in the 1890's, Muncie had been a community of glass workers and mechanics, highly skilled, strong in their unions—"one of the best organized cities in the United States." When Samuel Gompers came to town, in 1897, he was dined by the mayor before addressing a great crowd in the Opera House. But slowly the skilled mechanics were being displaced by machines, and the labor unions were too snobbish or too short-sighted to organize the machine-tenders in the new mass industries. In 1924, when the Lynds began their first survey, there were only 800 organized workers left in Muncie. The unions had lost whatever influence they once possessed. The business men had seized power, and were determined to share it with nobody. They had a little trouble during the first year of the NRA. There was a vigorous organizing campaign that brought in two thousand new union members; but the campaign was obstructed and, so it would seem, deliberately betrayed by old-line labor officials. "The agitators were making real headway," said Business Week in its own survey of Muncie. "You've got to give the A.F. of L. credit for turning that trend. It's an unwritten chapter of history."

"Middletown business men," say the Lynds, "are coming out of the depression with their asset of being an 'open-shop town' nailed to the city's masthead—and they mean to keep it there." They are not at all discouraged by the fact that Detroit and Toledo and South Bend have been organized under the CIO. This means, so they say, in private, that more and more factories will move to Muncie—like the big new General Motors plant—in order to get away from labor difficulties. But it also means that Muncie since 1924 has ceased to be a typical American city and has become a specialized city instead. Lacking other advantages, it now proposes to prosper by virtue of its cheap labor.

During the depression, the very rich got richer, the middling business men got poorer, and the unemployed workers got relief, but not too much of it. "The impression was clear in the investigator's mind at the end of the field work in 1935 that the line between working class and business class, though vague and blurred still, is more apparent than it was ten years before."

In Muncie the working class includes about 65 percent of the population. It lives in the South Side, "on the other side of the tracks," and it has much less social life than the business class. The workers rise before six in the morning and spend their days in tasks involving chiefly the manipulation of *things*. They live in fear of being laid off or permanently discharged and, in addition, they run the risk of industrial accidents that may kill or cripple them. But perhaps their chief handicap is that, in a culture which places all its emphasis on "going up in the world," they have little chance of climbing even to a foremanship. Few of them can reach the first rung of "the ladder to success."

The business people of Muncie compose about 35 percent of the population; they live "north of the tracks." They rise after seven in the morning and spend their days in tasks that involve chiefly the manipulation of *people*. Their hourly earnings may be less than those of the employed factory hands, but they are much surer of their jobs and they run little risk of industrial accidents. Perhaps their chief advantage is the chance of "getting ahead." The ladder to success is harder to climb than it used to be, but at least the first rungs of it are still within their grasp.

The investigators found signs of a growing class-consciousness, especially among the women and children on the two sides. They also found that the two big social strata are being split again into thinner slices. The working class now includes a top layer of foremen and skilled mechanics, a middle layer of semi-skilled factory workers, and a bottom layer of untrained laborers—"hill-billies" or "green peas" without regular jobs. But the new divisions in the business class are much more significant. Part of that class has remained largely as it was in 1924. A less privileged group, composed of clerical workers, salespeople and small retailers, is being set aside as a new middle class. Finally, at the top of the scale, there is a "business control group" that is emerging as a local aristocracy. And this group, in turn, is dominated by a single family, which the Lynds have chosen to call the "X family" (it is of course the Balls, the biggest local industrialists, who got their money by making mason jars). A Muncie man told the investigators:

> If I'm out of work I go to the X plant; if I need money I go to the X bank, and if they don't like me I don't get it; my children go to the X College; when I'm sick I go to the X hospital; I buy a building lot or house in an X subdivision; my wife goes downtown to buy clothes at the X department store; if my dog stays away he is put in the X pound; I buy X milk; I drink X beer, vote for X political parties and get help from X charities; my boy goes to the X Y.M.C.A. and my girl to their Y.W.C.A.; I listen to the word of God in X-subsidized churches; if I'm a Mason I go to the X Masonic Temple; I read the news from the X morning newspaper; and, if I am rich enough, I travel via the X airport.

The "X family" has vastly extended its wealth and power during the last ten years. Under its well intentioned but strict control, Middletown seems to be developing into an industrial feudalism tempered by philanthropy.

Yet in spite of these shifts in economic power and class alignments, the Lynds conclude that the institutions of the

[1] Middletown in Transition: A Study in Cultural Conflicts, by Robert S. Lynd and Helen Merrell Lynd. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 622 pages. $5.

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city and its pervasive "Middletown spirit" are the same as they were before. A broad answer to the questions asked in their first chapter "is that basically the texture of Middletown's culture has not changed. . . . Middletown is overwhelmingly living by the values by which it lived in 1925." The only real difference is that these individualistic get-ahead, Rotarian values have less and less to do with life as it actually lived. And now the Lynds wonder "how obvious the disparity needs be between symbols and reality before Middletown may cease to believe in inevitable progress—and what may happen then within the lives of these busy, hopeful people?"

I found their new book of absorbing interest. It is warmer and more human than the original "Middletown"; it corrects some of the mistakes that were inevitable in a first survey. Yet somehow the general effect is less impressive. The Lynds explain that their second investigation was conducted on a less ambitious scale and involved only a tenth as many man-days of research time. Of course each of these man-days counted for more because the basis for work had already been established. On the other hand, the whole nature of the research was changed by the fact that it had to be done quickly. There was less time for the staff to wander through North Side and South Side collecting the remarks of ordinary housewives. They had to get their information where it was most available—from census reports, from newspaper files and from interviews with "key people." In other words, they had to depend chiefly on the articulate part of the population. Since the working class is less articulate than the business class, it received much less attention in the present volume. Between the second "Middletown" and the first, there is almost the same difference as between the Literary Digest poll, mailed to a selected list, and the Institute of Public Opinion poll, obtained chiefly by interviews. The Lynds went wrong at exactly the same point as The Literary Digest. They failed to predict an earthquake.

Muncie in national politics had always been a standpat Republican city. In 1924 La Follette got only three percent of the votes in the county. In 1932 this same county was the only one out of ninety-two in the state of Indiana that "went down the line" for the Republican ticket. In 1936 everybody, including the Lynds, thought that the old pattern would be repeated. All of Roosevelt's favorite policies were contrary to "the Middletown spirit" of business enterprise. Landon, "the careful Kansan," was exactly the sort of man the city admired—and "the weight of frightened hope with which the city's leading business men backed Landon to defeat Roosevelt was almost literally beyond exaggeration." Yet Roosevelt got 59 percent of the city's votes—a majority of six to four against "the Middletown spirit." It seems to me that if the investigators had spent more time with the working class, they would have been less surprised and puzzled by the election returns.

It seems to me too that this one mistake in emphasis suggests the possibility of others. Perhaps the social values of Middletown aren't so unalterable—or so unaltered—as the Lynds assert in their final chapter. Perhaps they haven't talked enough about the new "intelligentsia" that has developed in Muncie since 1925. Rebellious college graduates can no longer solve their problems by moving to Chicago or New York, and they now form an opposition group at home. Still more important is the fact that "the Middletown spirit" is no longer being accepted at its face value by the younger generation, even among the business men. They have developed a "wary cynicism"; they sing the Rotary songs with their fingers crossed. Usually this attitude of cynicism is a prophecy of social changes.

What direction will the changes take when they come?—In their answer to this question the Lynds seem on surer ground. Underlying all their conclusions is the fear that cultural conflicts in a town like Muncie may be solved violently and may lead to "an eventual coercive control which in Europe today goes under the name of fascism."—"If President Roosevelt moves to the right . . . Middletown business leaders will 'go along.' Should the present tension continue unabated, the mood of men of power and ability such as these may conceivably lead to explosive action." The danger is there; I hardly think that the Lynds exaggerate. But it is quite possible that they fail to realize the strength of the liberal opposition, especially in the working class. We may get fascism in this country after all, but we won't get it without a fight.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

At Home and Abroad

The Laurels Are Cut Down, by Archie Binns, New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.50.

THERE is so much bias parading around as criticism at the moment, and so much professional positivism (it would be invidious to name names), that I would like to get a large hunk of bias off my chest—not because I have any urge to hit the sawdust trail but because it is quite possible that it has interfered with my judgment of Mr. Binns's new book.

The novel is such a loose and pliable form that almost anything can be bundled into it and sold to the first unwary publisher. It may be said, however, with a reasonable amount of accuracy, that novels fall into two groups: those written out of the experience of the author and those written out of notebooks. It has always seemed to me that those in the first category are likely to be better than those in the latter: despite such notable and quite dissimilar exceptions as Tolstoy's "War and Peace" and Stephen Crane's "The Red Badge of Courage." These two writers, however, had what all truly great writers have—empathy: the power, using Miss Rebecca West's definition, to enter experience outside ourselves. It may be empathy (an unfortunately fancy word but the only one I know to use in this connection) that ultimately distinguishes a great writer from a merely good one.

To get on to Mr. Binns's novel, and fully aware of my bias, I feel that it begins to lose its drive—its quiet yet sure power—as soon as he stops writing about his native country, out of knowledge, and begins to write about a country he knows only at second-hand. Two brothers, George and Alfred Tucker, grow up together in the Puget Sound region at the turn of the century. They are good friends and remain good friends until Alfred wins the girl they both fall in love with. George goes to war and Alfred, instead of marrying, follows him. They are sent to Siberia, part of the almost forgotten expedition under General Graves, where George is killed. Alfred, perplexed and troubled, returns to find his sweetheart married, the Palmer Red raids in full swing, himself suspected of being a Communist—which he isn't.

Up until the time the two brothers leave for Siberia—up until the time Mr. Binns deserts his own experience—I found this to be an even better book than "Lightship." It has force, beauty and, if I may use the word in its actual meaning, charm. After that, however, it begins to lose its convincingness: not believability, for Mr. Binns

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is too expert a writer to fail to carry us along with him, but the sense of final rightness that distinguishes his earlier chapters. I cannot help but feel, therefore, that this would have been a better book if Mr. Binns had not strayed so far from home.

HAMILTON BASSO.

Billions for Defense

The Tragic Fallacy: A Study of America's War Policies, by Mauritz A. Hallgren. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 500 pages. $4.

IN THIS book Mr. Hallgren has made a critical survey of our national defense policies, past and present, which ought to be required reading for every Senator and Congressman before the next billion-dollar defense budget is sent to Capitol Hill. How many votes would be changed is problematical; but the need for clarification of that ambiguous and elastic term "adequate defense" can hardly be doubted. During the past two years Congress has adopted neutrality legislation intended to help "keep the country out of war." Yet the same Congress which has sought to escape involvement through neutrality has voted the largest appropriations in the peacetime history of the nation to support an army and navy organized not primarily for defense of the territorial United States, but for participation in another major overseas war.

Why must America be prepared for overseas war "when it is so plain that America cannot be defeated in any war in defense of its own territory if it stays at home"? Mr. Hallgren demonstrates that the likelihood of invasion (as every military man knows) is "so remote as to be practically nonexistent." On the basis of our own experience in transporting the AEF to France, Mr. Hallgren calculates that a transport fleet of "at least 23,000,000 tons" would be required to move an army of two million men in a single mass movement—an utterly impossible feat. Any Asiatic or European power planning invasion would face the insuperable task of establishing a base and holding a line of communications on hostile territory.

But defense of American soil, as Mr. Hallgren shows, is not the primary concern of the admirals and generals. The military organization adopted after the World War and embodied in the National Defense Act of 1920 contemplates the mobilization of three or four million men, a mass army that is justified only if we plan to send another great expeditionary force across the water to fight in Europe or Asia. Instead of a small mobile force designed for defense of American territory, we have "a sprawling military skeleton which it is intended to cover with flesh and blood—in the form of some hundreds of thousands, nay millions, of raw or half-trained recruits." This, of course, is the orthodox theory of the mass army, based on the nineteenth-century doctrine of the "nation in arms." And today the "nation in arms," with its mobilization of the manpower and the industrial resources of the nation, means preparation for "totalitarian" war abroad and regimentation and dictatorship at home.

As for the admirals, they have held to the thesis that the best defense is a decided offensive. This thesis, which Mr. Hallgren terms "suicidal strategy," explains the insistence of the General Board that America needs big ships with the widest possible cruising radius. But Mr. Hallgren is able to quote naval authorities themselves to show that big ships —totally unnecessary for territorial defense—cannot give the United States control of the seas outside our own waters. Under the existing 5-3 ratio, Japan remains supreme in the western Pacific. The Philippines, even with extensive

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fortifications, could not be defended against a determined attack, and to carry out a "decided offensive" against Japan in her own waters would require a colossal fleet, perhaps twice the size of our present navy.

"The United States would be acting in its own best interests," Mr. Hallgren believes, "if it were to give up, along with its sovereignty over the islands, its asserted right to protect the new government of the Philippines and to maintain military and naval bases there." But he finds no evidence of American withdrawal from the western Pacific; on the contrary, economic forces as well as naval strategy are driving us deeper into the maelstrom of power politics in the Far East. And it is here, rather than in Europe, that the real danger of American involvement lies. "Whatever their reasons may be, responsible officers of the government, both military and civilian, have plainly indicated that Japan is the chosen foe. More that that, they do not expect the Japanese to cross the Pacific Ocean to attack the United States . . . they expect the United States to cross the Pacific to make war upon Japan."

In the face of impending world conflict, Mr. Hallgren sees little hope of finding a sane policy of national defense. Neutrality is a feeble bulwark, and if we join the crusade of capitalist powers to save democracy, we are likely to end with a dictatorship. He fears we are headed for "another holy war" in which the new technique of mass propaganda will turn out mass armies without too much difficulty. If the war is short, we may escape unrest at home; but if it lasts for more than a year or two the war dictatorship

> . . . will undoubtedly refuse to dissolve itself at the conclusion of the international fighting. . . . It would be a gargantuan treat for the god of irony if the great war machine, with its dictatorship and ballyhoo and mass conscript army, created for the special purpose of defending the capitalist state, should turn out to be the means by which the state is destroyed.

WILLIAM T. STONE.

Emerson, Wayfarer and Prophet

The Lonely Wayfaring Man: Emerson and Some Englishmen, by Townsend Scudder. New York: The Oxford University Press. 240 pages. $2.50.

Emerson, the Modern Prophet of America, by Newton Dillaway. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 433 pages. $3.

MR. SCUDDER, whose researches on Emerson have been appearing from time to time, has done an extremely interesting piece of investigation and has presented his findings so deftly that only the scholar need be aware of his processes. He has retraced Emerson's steps abroad, wherever they brought him into contact with Englishmen, and he has followed up every discoverable printed record of what turned out to be a prolonged paradoxical quest. For, in Mr. Scudder's words, "the wayfarer was in search of men possessing the talisman of self-sufficiency." But "it was Emerson's destiny, by the very failure of his search, to become that which he sought for. . . . His stronghold of self-reliance turned into a temporary stopping place or a permanent refuge for other men. They came, and he left his presence with them."

So much for the thesis. Mr. Scudder gives all kinds of proof for it; but, refreshingly, he does not labor his point, either by forcing his facts or by reiterating his central theme. On the contrary, he presents a sequence of portraits and episodes so adroitly that the casual reader might be misled into the idea he was reading just another "creative biography," largely miscomposed of imagined meditations and invented dialogues.

A wayfarer can't organize life like a generalissimo reviewing a parade. He must take men when and where he finds them and later organize his impressions. This is the procedure of Mr. Scudder. When he has come to an end the reader knows what Emerson thought of the men he saw abroad, and—in all probability better than Emerson did—what the men came to think of him. And then, for the inquisitive, Mr. Scudder has included in the back of the book all the documentary sources for his chronicles. The research represents incalculable painstakings and the book achieves the maximum of effect with the least of *apparent* effort.

These qualities, mastery of material, niceness of plan and lucidity, are lacking in Mr. Dillaway's attempt to connect Emerson with contemporary life. In his first twenty-seven pages the author quotes Emerson, Holmes, George Ripley, Grover, Dwight Morrow, J. E. Cabot, Eddington, Arnold, Bliss Perry, G. E. Woodberry, William Lyon Phelps, Glenn Clark and Basil King. Eventually he comes to Will Rogers. The book is just such a potpourri as a whole. Unhappily too, in various instances the quotations are either misapplied or misunderstood; and the book is interspersed with little personal homilies which are irrelevant to the main subject. Mr. Bliss Perry, in an introduction which is more kindly than genuinely critical, states that "a stockbroker's office has left some marks upon the author."

PERCY H. BOYNTON.

Down to the Sea

Rainbow Fish, by Ralph Bates. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

"RAINBOW FISH" is the least ambitious and, to me, the least interesting of Ralph Bates's novels, but it is in many ways a good book for him to have written. It is less stirring than either "Lean Men" or "The Olive Field," presumably because the material means so much less to both the reader and the author, but it is a more disciplined piece of writing. The earlier novels would have been improved by drastic pruning, but "Rainbow Fish" is compact and firm.

This is not because Bates has undertaken an easy task. The novel describes the lives of six men who become sponge fishers and die when their ship is wrecked. One of them, Robert Freeth, the most clearly characterized, is shown as an ordinary, rather poetic, very likable boy, who might become almost anything. He does become a fugitive from justice, and eventually finds himself with these other men, all of whom have something to run away from. Their stories we catch in fragments, but we get enough to understand and even to like them before they go to their deaths.

There is something almost inexplicably casual and remote about the novel, as if Bates had been warned that he had better not write another book about Spain, and this was the first thing that came to mind. That is why, as a whole, it is unsatisfactory. But it never leaves one in any doubt about Bates's powers. He has written nothing better than the description of the fatal storm, and Freeth is a remarkable character. Moreover, the novel shows the breadth of his experience and the precision of his imagination. It is, in short, the kind of novel that makes one very eager for the author's next. That Bates's next novel must inevitably be delayed because he is fighting in Spain gives us the measure of the man and makes us all the more eager and all the more confident.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

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Off and On the Record

A Book of the Symphony, by B. H. Haggin. New York: The Oxford University Press. 345 pages. $5.

IN THIS case the reviewer must be described before the book. He is, then, musically illiterate in the literal sense: a score is merely spots before his eyes. However, music is important to him; he owns a phonograph and buys records; he knows what he likes and can even tell, in a literary way, why he likes it. In short, he is typical of a very large part of the musical public.

It is for this part of the musical public that Mr. Haggin writes, and he does a pedagogic job that has long needed doing. He starts with the premise that "a statement about music will mean nothing to the person who reads it unless he has heard the music or can hear it when he reads the statement"; by referring every remark to a specific place on a phonograph recording of the work he is discussing, Mr. Haggin gives us music and statement together. He provides a measuring instrument which one fits to the spindle of the turntable and holds against the needle as the record plays and one can, of course, interrupt the playing at any point to repeat the passage or move forward to a variation or a development that Mr. Haggin has indicated.

But this ingenious method does not exhaust the virtue of Mr. Haggin's pedagogy, which lies largely in the limitation he has put upon himself. He is concerned with one thing only—the architectonics of the composition. He believes that any listener can understand any single musical idea—any single melody—but may need help in the next step, the understanding of the complex formal relations of the several ideas among themselves. His analyses provide this help and he attempts nothing more: there is no "literature" in the book: no Fate knocks on the door: your response to the music is your own but strengthened by your sharpened perception of the form.

Neither his use of a machine nor the limitation of his aim means that Mr. Haggin's book is a royal road to musical understanding; the reviewer found that he had to make the most strenuous efforts of attention and memory; but this is just the measure of the book's usefulness. Mr. Haggin's prefatory exposition of musical form is a model of lucidity and his biographical introductions are delightful as much for what they do not say as for the precision with which they say what they do.

LIONEL TRILLING.

Biographies in Brief

The Learned Blacksmith, by Merle Curti. New York: Wilson-Erickson. 250 pages. $3.

THE SUBJECT here, Elihu Burritt, is a character both extraordinary and appealing. A poor boy, born in New Britain, Connecticut in 1810, he had only a meager schooling. Yet at an early age he had mastered, while working at the forge, most of the languages of Europe, several Asiatic ones, as well as Hebrew, Arabic and Ethiopic. It was once said of him that he "could keep wisely silent in sixty languages." His enduring reputation, however, rests on less negative foundations. He spoke wisely and worked untiringly for all the humane and advanced causes of his day, particularly for internationalism and world peace. An anti-slavery man, he worked for compensated abolition and the Liberal Party, but his pacifist convictions were too

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strong for him to approve the Civil War. He differed with most pacifists of his time and from many later ones in appreciating the importance of labor's role in bringing about peace; as early as 1850 he was advocating workingmen's strikes against war. He carried on this propaganda not only in the United States but in England and other European countries. In later life he was a consular agent in Birmingham and devoted himself especially to protecting working-class emigrants from exploitation. Professor Curti tells his story chiefly through Burritt's letters and journals, which are strung on the thread of his enlightening and sympathetic comment.

M. G.

End of Track, by James H. Kyner. Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers. 277 pages. $3.

JAMES H. KYNER'S autobiography shows that in the horse-and-buggy days life moved at as fast a tempo as in these days of stream-lined carriages. The author lost his leg at the battle of Shiloh before his sixteenth birthday. Frequently thereafter his small pension gave him just enough of an edge to hold grimly on when others were forced to quit—as when he homesteaded in Nebraska, the year when the grasshoppers destroyed most of the crops. He was elected to the state legislature of Nebraska and, because he made speeches in favor of the railroad, he was given a small contract to grade a section of track. On account of the abundance of wild life, he was able to feed his men on trout and venison at three cents a pound. He made each camp in the wilderness a model of comfort. His chief problem was in keeping professional gamblers from fleecing his men and in guarding his payroll from bandits. He succeeded in these tasks, because the fluent profanity he had learned in the army gave him a reputation as a hard guy. In 1893 Mr. Kyner lost his fortune, which he estimated at half a million, in the panic. He was able to get credit enough to get a small outfit and to resume his work as a contractor. His natural shrewdness enabled him again to rise to the top, and when he got a competence he retired. His photographs of pioneer camps are interesting.

J. G.

AE's Letters to Mínanlábáin, with an introduction by Lucy Kingsley Porter. New York: The Macmillan Company. 102 pages. $2.

Mínanlábáin is not, as the uninstructed might imagine, another Celtic god or hero with another unpronounceable name: it's just a village with a post office in Donegal to which AE used to address these letters to Kingsley Porter. The letters begin in 1930, during AE's American tour, and end, with his life, in 1935. They are chiefly interesting in that they frequently recall by a turn of phrase or rhythm of sentence the peculiar enchantment of AE's talk—with its amazing discursiveness, and its humor, and its eloquence, and its poetry, and its exalted common sense. Above and after all, as these letters abundantly indicate, AE was a great human being. He led no armies; built no bridges; shaped no policies; was a poor scholar and indifferent poet: but it was good to know that there was such a person alive. His unique talent was a faculty of revery which he exercised perhaps too often at the expense of his less personal talents. In these letters he makes shrewd and amusing comments on American life and politics and Irish and English literature and politics. The Introduction, by Lucy Kingsley Porter, has flights of pathetic rhetoric, and presents a charming portrait of AE.

M. S.

New Books: A Reader's List

THE SUN PAPERS OF BALTIMORE, by Gerald W. Johnson, Frank R. Kent, H. L. Mencken and Hamilton Owens (Knopf; $3.75). A centenary volume describing the first hundred years of these newspapers, which have long been among the four or five most completely literate journals in America.

KING EDWARD VIII: An Intimate Biography, by Hector Bolitho (*Lippincott; $3*). The background and development of the late King, intimate about the things everybody knew already. Favorable to Edward so long as he maintained the traditions, reproachful, after the Simpson episode; and sprinkled with anecdotes about The Family which might have been written by Louella Parsons to publicize Hollywood's finest. A job of press-agenting for the Royal Family, written by a Colonial to whom the Crown, not its wearer, is genuinely important.

PIPE ALL HANDS, by H. M. Tomlinson (Harpers; $2.50). A book about a typical run-of-the-line freighter and the people who worked her from the East Indies into a winter hurricane in the North Atlantic, feeling her a death-ship all the time. The owner, an archeologist and his daughter come into the last half; the early sections of relations in and to the ship are finest—the nearest approach to Conrad since Conrad.

Contributors

PAUL B. SEARS is professor of Botany and head of the department at the University of Oklahoma. His book, "Deserts on the March," was published in 1935. He was one of four writers to receive a $2,500 fellowship award in January from the Book-of-the-Month Club.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS is a practising physician in Rutherford, New Jersey, where he was born in 1883. His most recent book of verse is "Adam & Eve and The City," published last fall by the Alcestis Press.

GEORGE SELDES is the author, among other books, of "The Freedom of the Press" and a biography of Mussolini, "Sawdust Caesar."

PAUL ROSENFELD, the author of a novel, "Boy in the Sun," and numerous books and pieces of musical and other esthetic criticism, is completing a second novel.

WALDO FRANK's many volumes of fiction, criticism, philosophy and travel have been widely read and translated. His most recent book, "In the American Jungle," has just been published by Farrar and Rinehart.

HAMILTON BASSO recently returned to his home in North Carolina after a visit of several months in New York. His third novel, "Courthouse Square," was published last fall by Scribner's.

W. T. STONE is vice-president of the Foreign Policy Association. He has made an intensive study of World War and post-war diplomacy and politics and has written on these and related topics for various magazines.

PERCY H. BOYNTON is professor of English at the University of Chicago. His most recent book is "Literature and American Life," published by Ginn and Company.

GRANVILLE HICKS, author of "The Great Tradition" and "John Reed," is now working on a book about English literature during the last half-century.

LIONEL TRILLING is a member of the English department of Columbia University. He is engaged on the final chapters of a critical study of Matthew Arnold.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Martha Gruening, Joe Gould and Michael Sayers.

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